THE NEW

STATESMAN AND NATION

The Week-end Review

Vol. XXXIX. No. 992 [Incorporating THE ATHENÆUM] **SATURDAY, MARCH 11, 1950** [Registered at the G.P.O. as a newspaper] **SIXPENCE**

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Socialism and Defence

CONSERVATIVE attempts to show that the King's Speech is a Socialist climb-down are absurd. As Mr. Attlee gently reminded the House, a Parliamentary session which begins in March is prevented, by its own time-table, from containing important and controversial legislation. Even if Labour had obtained a working majority, the Prime Minister would have had to content himself with a list of lesser Bills, in order to leave the field clear for the Estimates and the Budget. It can reasonably be said that the Speech need not have been written in such an insipid style, but no one can complain of its content or absence of content.

The real test of Mr. Attlee's determination to continue governing the country on Socialist lines will be very different. First, of course, there is steel. Here he has already succeeded in being firm but unprovocative. Nothing can be done before October 1, and even then the appointment of the Steel Corporation requires no legislative action. The Government, therefore, is in the fortunate position of being able to show its determination to nationalise steel by a policy of masterly inactivity, leaving it to the Opposition to raise the issue. Mr. Churchill would have to take the responsibility for forcing a new election on steel, and he is very obviously unwilling to do so at present.

The second important test will be the Budget. Here again the tactical position of the Government is not unfavourable, though the Estimates published this week suggest that the Chancellor will have to meet total expenditure of £3,500 millions, against last year's original estimate of £3,300 millions. On Monday, Mr. Eden blithely disregarded the fact that his Party's election promises involved greatly increased expenditure, and stressed the Conservative view that inflation is the main menace. If this is correct, he can hardly complain of the Budget surplus, which is itself a disinflationary method of mopping up purchasing power. Sir Stafford therefore retains the initiative. If, as we hope, he has come to the conclusion that disinflation, as it affects the lower-paid income-groups, has already gone too far, he can counteract it by not seeking another surplus, and by concessions on purchase tax, Excise duty and income tax allowances, while retaining the present standard rate. If, as we also hope, he sees the real inflationary danger in the swollen profit margins, which lead to wasteful private investment and excessive personal expenditure by the wealthier classes, he can readily increase death duties still further, and can introduce the long-overdue tax on capital gains. In the field of finance, at least, the Government can maintain a full-blown Socialist policy while wooing the floating vote for the next election.

The Chancellor should at all costs avoid another "no-change" Budget. "No-change" would be just as controversial as a forthright development of the Socialist policy of redistributing the national income. It would have the added disadvantage of making it virtually impossible for the T.U.C. to exercise any restraint on the wage demands of its constituent unions. The "wage freeze" is already thawing out. If it is not to be succeeded by a runaway pressure for all-round wage increases, the next Budget will have to be much more obviously Socialist than that of 1949.

Finally, there is the problem of defence. The Estimates for 1950-51 have, of course, been in preparation since last autumn, and are unaffected by the recent election. Though the Conservatives will have many detailed criticisms, it is almost certain that they will vote for the Estimates. For this reason, the Left wing of the Parliamentary Labour Party will, no doubt, feel itself free to express its misgivings at the increase of £20 millions over last year's total. In doing so, it should bear in mind that the figure of £780 millions has only been reached after a ruthless economy drive; it will go up still further in 1951, if the international situation continues to deteriorate and re-equipment, still in its initial stages, really gets under way. Judged in terms of the defence requirements under our undefined and emotional foreign policy, the present estimates are grossly inadequate. Judged in terms of what our national economy can stand, they are ruinously high. This dilemma has been evaded for nearly five years owing to Mr. Bevin's ability to prevent any serious Cabinet discussion of the relative priority to be attached to domestic and foreign commitments. It must be faced within the next year if British Socialism is to survive.

In this task Mr. Shinwell has an immensely important role to play. He must do what Mr. Alexander so lamentably failed to do. He must protest in the name of the Service chiefs against the imposition on the armed forces of tasks far beyond their capacity and so force the Cabinet to consider the ways and means of bringing our foreign commitments into line with our economic strength. It is the professional soldier who complains most bitterly of Mr. Bevin's foreign policy because it demands the impossible of him. So far, these complaints have been pushed aside owing to the dominant personality of the Foreign Secretary. Mr.

Shinwell and Sir Stafford Cripps now have the duty of demanding an objective review of our overseas military expenditure—whether in the overt form of defence costs or in the covert form of unrequited exports—and so ensuring that at long last the Defence Ministry and the Treasury can state their factual case against the Foreign Office, whose vague appeals to national interests and prestige have so far prevailed.

Strikes in France

Our Paris Correspondent writes: While President Auriol is being fêted in London, France is passing through one of the sharpest crises of her post-war history. There are the strikes; there is the nightly uproar in the National Assembly over the new anti-sabotage Bill; and there is *l'Affaire Peyré*. In all three the Communists are playing a very important part. They—and the Gaullists—are doing their best to exploit the *affaire*, and it was their member on the Committee of Inquiry, M. Kriegel-Valrimont, who insisted on the publication of the list of persons who are supposed to have been paid by Van Co, Bao Dai's agent. Discussion of M. Bidault's anti-sabotage Bill has given rise, in the National Assembly, to scenes of unprecedented verbal and physical violence, complete with the ejection of Communist deputies by soldiers of the *Garde Républicaine,* the bandaging of bleeding noses and black eyes, and loud moans from M. Herriot, the Speaker, about this being "the end of the parliamentary régime in France." The Socialists, it must be said, are feeling very uneasy about the Bill; they fear it may be used as a weapon for the suppression of certain *bona fide* strikes, freedom of speech, and other manifestations of working-class independence. A few of their "toning down" amendments have gone through.

But more important to-day than either *l'affaire* or even what the Communists call *la loi superscélérate* are the strikes. In the metal industries of Paris and the provinces 400,000 workers are "out"; a large part of the automobile industry is at a standstill. On Monday the Paris Métro and buses came to an almost complete stop; on Tuesday, the textile industry in the North of France struck; and it is possible that the strike movement will spread to many other industries and public services—railways, mining, gas, electricity, and possibly the civil service. The trade unions draw attention to the very high profits earned by many companies last year; and while there are no such profits in many of the public-owned concerns, the Communist argument at any rate is "cut down war expenditure."

There seems little doubt that the perfectly legitimate demands of the French working class for higher pay are playing into the hands of the Communist leadership. In some categories—notably in the case of young unmarried men and women—the present real wages are half of the corresponding real wages before the war, and although family allowances have greatly benefited those with large families, and have, in their case, brought up real incomes to their (not very high) pre-war level, the all-round five per cent. increase in wages offered by some employers—which seldom means more than an extra £1 a month—is obviously inadequate.

Generally speaking, the strikers, whether they are members of the Communist C.G.T., the Socialist F.O., or the Christian C.G.T.C., aim at an all-round increase by 3,000 frs. (£3) a month. M. Bidault's argument is along the classical lines—no objection to higher wages, provided there is no rise in prices, and no inflation, and "we are willing to remedy crying cases of injustice." As the *Franc-Tireur* remarks: "Why always wait till the injustice starts 'crying,' before you do anything about it?" And the inflation argument cuts little ice with those who think in terms of the high "avowed," and the even higher "unavowed" profits of the French industrialists.

Annexing the Saar

French absorption of the Saar Territory presents the British Government—and everyone interested in the political consolidation of Western Europe—with a headache that is likely to last a long time. Could it have been avoided? No one can complain that the French did not give ample notice of their intentions. Their proposals for an economic union of the Saar with France, presented to the three other occupying Powers at the end of 1947, were endorsed by the British and American Governments. Steps towards that union have followed in regular and public sequence. There is little doubt that their acceptance by London and Washington—however inconvenient at a time when much was being attempted to bolster West German confidence in the Western Powers—was part of the price paid to the French for French acceptance of the West German State. The conventions signed last week between the French Government and the German authorities in the Saar were merely the formal recognition of a *fait accompli.*

Yet it is difficult to reject the view that these conventions, if they were to be signed at all, should have been concluded long ago. The force and unanimity of German opposition to them show that the time is past when such painful operations can be performed with impunity on the territory of Germany. Adenauer and Schumacher are almost certainly right in saying, as they have, that this formal annexation of the Saar by France will inject new life and fury into German nationalism.

Adenauer's threat to withhold the Bonn Government from the Council of Europe can probably be ignored: he is far too dependent upon American subsidies to start playing tricks as yet with Western good will. But the impression will remain in this country and elsewhere that history may find it hard to justify French annexation of the Saar. Reparations are one thing; territorial annexations—for that is what the Saar conventions amount to—are quite another.

Good Signs in Greece

Much credit should go to the British and American authorities in Athens—and especially to the British Ambassador, Sir Clifford Norton—for the fact that the big towns have been able after all to register a substantial vote against the parties which have governed Greece for the last five years and which conducted the civil war. Wide support given to the lists of Plastiras and of the Democratic Alliance (Svolos-Socialist and Sofianopoulos-Liberal) in Athens, Piraeus, and Salonica is a hopeful sign. It was given in the face of frantic discouragement. Right up until the last moment, these two groups were protesting against the drastic limits set upon their activity by police restrictions or outright coercion.

There is good reason to think that the opposition vote would have been far greater had the Government promoted conditions for a genuinely free consultation of the electorate. Much of the countryside was openly dominated by Rightest bands. As it is, these liberal-minded and Socialist groups have evidently had the backing of the Communists—apparently by party directive—as well as of their own Leftist followers. While in 1946 all parties to the Left of Centre abstained in protest against the holding of elections, this time—and much to the good of Greece—there has been no organised withholding from the polls. What is now required—and it is to be urgently hoped that the British and American Governments, in their own interests as much as in the interests of Greece, will see that this comes about—is that these opposition parties should receive a full share in the next Government, which must obviously be a coalition of some kind. Nothing could be better for Greece than that sensible and moderate-minded men like Sofianopoulos, Svolos and Plastiras, should now regain influence in Greece.

Lewis Wins Again

The American coal strike has been settled just as it reached its climax. Coal stocks had become so depleted that any further continuation of the strike would have begun to cause widespread industrial and transport difficulties, and Mr. Truman would have been faced with a national emergency. With this in mind, he had already sent to Congress a demand for special powers, authorising him to seize the coal mines and operate them until a settlement was reached. This had become necessary after Judge Keech had ruled that the Mineworkers' Union was not guilty of contempt of court. The Government sought and failed to prove that Mr. Lewis and his union had officially ignored the injunction granted by Judge Keech on February 11, under the Taft-Hartley Act, instructing the union to order the miners back "forthwith."

On this occasion, contrary to expectation, neither Mr. Lewis nor his union was held liable to the massive fines imposed for their previous defiance of injunctions.

With Federal seizure hanging over their heads, the operators and the union at last came to terms which can only be regarded as yet another victory for John L. Lewis. The new contract, which is to run for just over two years, awards the miners an increase of 70 cents a day in wages—against the union demand for 95 cents—and a 10 cent per ton increase in the royalty paid to the miners welfare fund—5 cents less than Mr. Lewis asked. In return, Mr. Lewis has agreed to continue the eight-hour day, in place of his proposal to reduce the shift by an hour; to limit the number of "memorial days" to five a year—these had been used as disguised strikes in the past; and to remove the "able and willing" clause from the contract. This clause had enabled the miners to stop work whenever they pleased, in spite of contract commitments

This is a fairly sensible settlement. But it has taken a long time. It is more than nine months since the contracts expired, and the miners have been in and out ever since then. It will take the average miner about two years to earn back the pay lost by the strike. Mr. Lewis has won again, but he is clearly reaching the point where he cannot go on snatching such victories. President Truman's proposal to set up a commission to investigate the U.S. coal industry is as timely as the appointment of Britain's Sankey Commission.

Strike Threat or Arbitration ?

The Amalgamated Engineering Union's National Committee—which, despite its name, is in fact a delegate conference of local representatives—decided last week in favour of taking a ballot vote of the members, who should be asked to choose between strike action in support of their demand for an advance of £1 a week and reference of the claim to the National Arbitration Tribunal. This decision was taken against an Executive proposal to ask for a Government inquiry into the financial position of the engineering industry, with special reference to profits, productivity, and the justification of the wage demand.

Feeling evidently ran high among the delegates, and many doubts were expressed whether the Tribunal can still be regarded as in a position to act impartially in dealing with wage-claims, in view of the Government's declared attitude. If a ballot is taken, it looks as if the vote will be bound to go in favour, not exactly of a strike, but of empowering the Executive to declare one if it thinks fit. The A.E.U. can hardly go further than this until it has taken counsel with the other unions which are its partners in the Confederation of Shipbuilding and Engineering Unions.

The Confederation—which is meeting as we go to press—may not unitedly follow the A.E.U.'s lead; but both the Foundry Workers and the E.T.U. probably will. The feeling that the wage-claim should be pressed is strongest among the skilled workers, who have lost ground during the past ten years.

Wages and Profits

One big issue, of course, is that of profits, which are exceedingly high throughout the main branches of engineering and are being swollen by the gains of exporters under devaluation. The feeling among the engineers has been made the stronger by certain recent increases in dividends—notably by Leylands and Hoover in the course of last week.

Such increases, it is argued, make hay of the contention that the high profits which are being earned are needed for capital development and are not available for additions to spendable income. The engineering industry, say the workers, can easily afford higher wages; and they point to the sharp increase in productivity as a proof that the concession can be made without inflationary effects. Doubtless it could, to some extent, if matters could stop there; but if the engineers got their £1 a week, it would not be long before every trade union, whatever the wishes of its leaders, would be out for higher wages, and the entire policy of "restraint" would be discarded. Very likely this is now bound to happen in any event; but clearly there is not enough production to cover even these modest all-round advances without inflationary effects.

In these circumstances, there is really no longer any way of avoiding some approach to that "national wages policy" which both the trade unions and the Government have repeatedly rejected during the past two years. There ought to be a *general* discussion between the unions and the Government covering both the question of cutting profit margins, or taxing a good deal more of them away, and the question how big a total wage-bill the country is now in a position to afford without letting inflation loose. Only within a general view of what is economically possible can the claims of particular groups, such as the engineers, now be successfully dealt with. It will need much common sense to avoid an awkward upheaval that would wreck not only the Budget but also trade union leadership.

London Travel

A useful contribution to our knowledge of the collective habits of Londoners has been made by the London Transport Executive in *London Travel Survey, 1949*. Based on an investigation of a representative cross-section of 3,000 households in the Greater London area, the Survey shows, first, that the average number of persons per household is 3.1, of whom 1.4 per household are workers. In the sample investigated, it was found that 11 per cent. of the households had an income of over £650 per annum, 73 per cent. an income between £4 10s. and £13 a week, and 16 per cent. (23 per cent. in South London) an income of under 90s. per week.

Somewhat surprisingly, only 53 per cent. of the population make regular journeys by public transport; and the percentage of workers who make use of public transport to and from their work is only 58 per cent. Of the remainder, 17 per cent. go to work on foot, and 14 per cent. by cycle. Car users, to and from work, represent 4 per cent. The average time spent on the journey to work by those using public transport is found to be 42 minutes, though 20 per cent. of workers spend an hour or more on the journey.

Among workers using public transport, the average weekly cost of the journey to work is shown to be 4s. 1d.—the expenditure varying from 3s. 3d. in the case of households with an income under 90s. a week to 6s. 9d. in the case of the "over £650" households. In households which have at least one member who travels regularly by public transport, average weekly expenditure on regular travel for all purposes amounts to 6s. 5d. This figure, it may be noted, compares with 6s. given in the weekly budget of a London railway-worker published in this journal on February 11.

NEXT WEEK'S ISSUE

Spring Books Number

PARLIAMENT: Laborious Days

Wednesday

"SIR, we had all this in the Election," protested Herbert Morrison. So we did. But in the lobbies Members continued to compare notes on "how I did it," with passing regrets for "poor old So-and-so" who didn't. In the Chamber, faced with a Gracious Speech containing little new save, appropriately enough, a vague promise of legislation about water, they re-stated all the election arguments about full employment and Marshall Aid, housing, Health and H-bombs.

Sidney Dye and Alice Bacon, opening the ball, paid graceful tributes to their constituents, the farming community and the womenfolk, and then Mr. Eden cordially held up the olive branch. In return for no contentions, he offered no factions or fractions. Confidently interpreting the result as a "pretty emphatic" vote against nationalisation, he was content to be statesmanlike. But the Prime Minister, conscious of a million more votes for Labour, could not quite agree. The genial atmosphere was momentarily broken when he quietly declared that the King's Labour Government must not only go on, but also give effect to all Acts, like the Steel Act, passed by Parliament. Some Opposition eyebrows rose, and Mr. Churchill hastily put down an amendment.

What did the electors want? More sums were done. Stung by Churchill's banter about Liberalism's Celtic fringe, Clement Davies rejoined that the electors (Lab. and Lib.) had certainly rejected Toryism. The Liberal leader spoke on Tuesday to a packed House, paying just tribute in present circumstances to the importance of nine Members and two million votes. The Conservative Front Bench was not at ease. Although Mr. Churchill made the surprising proposal of a proportionally representative Select Committee on electoral reform, Young Tories were not disposed to treat the Liberals too seriously. When Mr. Clement Davies declared an early election "unthinkable," some wisecracking backbenchers received a freezing glance from Mr. Macmillan.

What did the electors want? It was superfluous and tactless to point out that they had given no mandate for Liberalism, though everyone was interested in what the Liberal voters wanted, bearing in mind that 186 honourable Members had been elected on minority votes. Clearly the King's Labour Government must govern. But should it govern in a Socialist way or not? Some Members on both sides seemed to think not. Like Lady Tweedsmuir, they welcomed the absence of contention and hoped for a Council of State. But Fenner Brockway, returned after 20 years' absence, spoke powerfully for a democratic Socialist approach to foreign and home affairs, and Boyd-Carpenter, from the Tory benches, rather agreed with him. The Labour Party, he said, should stick to its programme, even though, in Mr. Astor's view, the 13 million were the "less educated" electors.

Obviously the electors wanted full employment. Everybody agreed on that. But Mr. Eccles, suave as usual, was not sure whether they should get it. While confessing that he was born "a little inflationist," he yearned for a Belgian policy to end "extravagance and featherbedding" and introduce "a spell on the water-wagon." He was pleasantly regretful that some people would get hurt in the deflationary spiral, but the House should understand that it was not necessary to have as much as 15 per cent unemployment.

The inquest went on, and scarcely a backbencher failed, like the Speech, to mention housing. But if speeches dwelt on past battles, thoughts were moving towards the Estimates and Budget.

STEPHEN SWINGLER

Fuchs, Strachey and Beaverbrook

THE real problem raised by the *Evening Standard* attack on Mr. Strachey is not that of Mr. Strachey's probity as Minister of War, but of Lord Beaverbrook's as a press proprietor.

The facts about Mr. Strachey's views have never been in any way secret. No book had more influence on the younger generation of the '30s than the *Coming Struggle for Power*, which the *Evening Standard* quotes. Few changes of mind have ever been more categorically or publicly stated than that of Mr. Strachey in 1940. It began with a denunciation of "revolutionary defeatism" in a series of letters in this journal during April, 1940; it continued through a vehement controversy which split the Left Book Club with its 50,000 members; it reached its climax in a widely circulated book (jointly composed with Gollancz) entitled *The Betrayal of the Left*. After this public and, indeed, violent shaking of the Communist dust off his feet, Mr. Strachey joined the R.A.F. and the Labour Party. The *Evening Standard* was not only inaccurate in saying that Mr. Strachey was "still an avowed Communist"; it was, in fact, stating the precise opposite to the truth.

One odd offshoot of this attack is a letter by Lord de l'Isle and Dudley which appeared in *The Times* of March 7. The gist of this letter is that Mr. Strachey later in the war still spoke with admiration of Stalin and the Soviet Union and was still avowedly a Marxist in 1944. The suggestion that there is something disgraceful about Marxism is somewhat unfortunate at the moment when the King and Queen of England are receiving with due honour M. Vincent Auriol, the President of the French Republic. M. Auriol, like all his colleagues of the French Socialist Party, is a strict Marxist.

This business of quotation is a double-edged weapon. It is true that Mr. Strachey during the war referred in laudatory phrases to the solid foundations of Soviet Communism. We should not like to say whether his praise of Stalin was as fulsome as Mr. Churchill's of Mussolini, or as that of some well-known Conservative politicians and newspaper proprietors of Hitler. Nor did he go further than Lord Beaverbrook who during the war said that Communism under Stalin won the applause and admiration of all the rest of the nations (April, 1942). A correspondent in Sunday's *Reynolds News* justifiably asks, after quoting this and similar remarks by Lord Beaverbrook, whether the owner of the *Evening Standard* has publicly disavowed his belief in Soviet Communism and its leaders, and whether (to follow the *Evening Standard*), it is not a matter of serious public interest that national newspapers with a total circulation of several millions should be owned by a man whose praise of Communism is so recently expressed?

Lord Beaverbrook has no doubt had time to reflect on these matters during the last few days. We should like to put the matter to him in an even sharper form. His newspapers talk from time to time about the value of democracy. What effect does he think that he is having on democratic life when he goes so far as his papers are now doing in violating its decencies? We hope he has asked himself whether the sort of personal gossip that appears in the *Sunday Express* is, in the long run, compatible with the human tolerances that now are necessary if ordinary democracy is to survive. Has he asked himself how easily the democratic conventions can break? The *Daily Express* and its companion newspapers are not the only owners of cameras with telescopic lenses. Has the Editor of the *Evening Standard* considered his own reactions if he is pursued by photographers, who produce, by familiar methods, pictures of himself as he enjoys the domestic peace of his own household? These conventions which we respect in our society are fragile. Politicians and journalists can all dig up selected passages from each other's pasts. There are few reputations—or fortunes—which will bear sufficiently unscrupulous publicity.

Forms of Public Ownership

THE Labour Party, as we suggested last week, would be making a mistake if it allowed the cause of Socialism to be too much identified with forms of nationalisation that are at best only a half-way house. We are neither satisfied with the forms which nationalisation has so far taken, in the services to which it has been applied, nor content to see it extended in similar forms to the main industries that are still under private ownership.

Coal, internal transport, electricity, gas and steel—or rather the basic part of the steel industry—had to be taken out of private ownership and put under the most readily available form of public control because they were vital, basic services which urgently needed reorganisation under unified direction, and because national economic planning could not succeed while they were in private hands. The device of the public corporation had to be employed, not because anyone greatly liked it, but because the appropriate alternatives had not been thought out. It is true that the device has not been applied uniformly. Inland transport has a Commission responsible for high policy and co-ordination, *plus* a number of separate Executives for the actual management of the various services; gas is under an administration much more decentralised than is the case with electricity; and, in steel, the interesting step has been taken of leaving the nationalised firms to keep their identity and their separate managements, subject to the unifying authority of a Corporation, which will control policy—especially investment—rather than actually manage the industry. Thus, in the nationalisation plans so far pursued, there is no single pattern. There are, however, common features, namely some sort of unifying Authority, subject to general policy direction by a Minister, an attempt to keep matters of detailed administration away from parliamentary scrutiny, and an instruction that nationalised undertakings must pay their way over a period of years, after meeting interest charges payable to the previous owners.

Except in the case of gas, one effect of this policy has been to create a highly centralised structure, which may be necessary for the early stages of the transition, but will hardly do for the conduct of these services when the main reorganisation has been carried out. Another result has been that Parliament is deprived of any effective means of scrutiny—perfunctory debate on the annual report of a Board gives no real control—and no alternative mechanism is established for the democratic assessment of the working of public enterprise. Consumers' Councils, where they have been set up, have so far failed to work effectively; and the problem of creating industrial democracy within the nationalised industry, including the definition of trade union functions and the role of consultative machinery, remains unsolved. No clear lines have been worked out for determining investment policy in the socialised sector, or for relating the various Boards to the Government's economic planning machinery, which is itself in an embryonic and unsatisfactory state.

It is thus not surprising that proposals for further nationalisation arouse, in the Labour movement, little enthusiasm to offset the strong hostility which they evoke in capitalist quarters—hostility which can easily be given the appearance of a defence of "freedom" against the encroachments of bureaucratic control. Indeed, the forms of nationalisation which it was right to apply to coal and transport as transitional expedients are inappropriate to most of the industries now left in private hands. In framing the Steel Bill the Labour Party showed its awareness of this fact; but steel, in its key sections, is more like coal or electricity than it is like most other manufacturing industries. Whereas steel has a clearly marked group of large raw-steel-producing concerns which need unified planning and development and are basic to the rest of the industry, most other branches of manufacture have no such clearly defined central group and tend to be split up into a multiplicity of small and medium-sized firms.

In such industries, what is needed to-day is, not unified public ownership, but a satisfactory system of control in the public interest—a control not dependent on war emergency powers and one so devised as to give the workers' representatives a real say in policy and administration. The appropriate instrument, we suggest, is some form of Development Council, composed mainly of representatives of managers and workers but with a substantial representation also of public and consumer interests and with a defined obligation to conform to Government directives designed to ensure the execution of a balanced national plan of production. Even this instrument should be regarded as no more than an interim solution; it is not yet possible to predict what will prove in the long run to be the best industrial structure or how much workers' control will need to be embodied in it when the social system is no longer dominated by the capitalist profit-motive. Moreover, our suggestion is more appropriate to big industries made up of a large number of independent firms than to small, scattered industries or to those dominated by monopolies.

In such cases the best course may sometimes be for the public to acquire a controlling interest in firms of key importance and to use the power thus obtained to press forward desirable policies of development and rationalisation, *e.g.*, by the application of techniques of standardisation and the intensive production of utility goods. In yet other cases, the best thing may be for the State to start up its own factories side by side with those of private firms, or to give financial help enabling either consumers' or producers' Co-operatives to expand their share of production under conditions consistent with the basic requirements of socialisation.

In sum, the connection between Socialism and "nationalisation," as hitherto conceived, is accidental rather than essential. Socialists are looking for forms of industrial control which will meet certain basic needs—the conduct of industry for the service of the people, not for the profit of the few; the application to industry of the essential ideas of democracy, so as to give man as worker at least as much sense of self-government and responsibility as belongs to man as citizen; the enforcement of control over investment and production to the extent needed to maintain both adequate capital equipment and full employment. These requirements, as we have shown, can be met by a diversity of means.

For the immediate future the most important task is to devise simple, flexible forms of control that can be applied over a wide range of industries in such a way as to bring the representatives of the workers, not into actual management, but into the control of economic policy as full partners with the employers' and the consumers' representatives. The next task is to convert the present hesitant and ambiguous attitude of the Co-operative leadership into zeal to play a constructive part in the building of the new society. The third is to take seriously the development of the still shapeless technique of joint consultation, in order to find out how best to advance towards industrial democracy and to create new human incentives to replace the weakened influence of "the carrot and the stick" on which capitalism relied.

The Oil Dispute

(I) THE CAUSES

[Mr. Hoffman, Marshall Aid administrator, told Congress this week that, pending a successful outcome of current discussions, E.C.A. was withholding further financing of refinery expansion by British oil companies anywhere in the world.]

AFTER a modern world war it is usual for the victors to squabble over oil and oil concessions. In 1920, the Notes which passed between Washington and London over the oilfields of the Middle East were as polemical as any interchange to-day between East and West spokesmen at Lake Success. The oil wrangle of 1920 was eventually settled by splitting up the Iraq Petroleum Company into four equal interests of 23¾ per cent. held respectively by the Anglo-Iranian Oil Company, the Royal Dutch-Shell group, the Compagnie Francaise des Petroles and the Near East Development Company, now owned jointly by the Standard Oil of New Jersey and the Socony-Vacuum. The balance of 5 per cent. is still owned by the tenacious and fabulously wealthy Mr. Gulbenkian, the agent who negotiated the original concession from the Ottoman Empire. Anglo-Iranian Oil is share-controlled by the British Government (56 per cent.)—a Churchillian *coup de main* of 1913-14—and operates the famous oilfield in South-west Iran, a concession of 100,000 square miles which the Persians are always trying to reduce.

After the second world war, the oil situation was very different. In the 'thirties, vast new oilfields had been proved in the Middle East outside Iran and Iraq into which American capital had been poured in millions of dollars. Strangely, no oil deal had been concluded with Marshal Stalin at Yalta (though it may have been discussed), and, by the time peace had broken out, the rift between East and West came so suddenly and so completely that no sort of oil agreement was possible. Indeed, Mr. Ernest Bevin ruled an East-West oil settlement out of court when he signed an oil agreement with American Secretary of the Interior, Mr. Ickes, a fanatical enthusiast of Middle East "oil imperialism." This was intended to give a "Hands Off" warning to the U.S.S.R. and others. The Anglo-American entente encouraged, of course, the Persians to refuse an oil concession to the Russians in Northern Iran. In 1946, the Soviet Government had proposed a concession over this area to be held by a company 51 per cent. Russian and 49 per cent Iranian. The negotiations were protracted, and the proposal was not finally rejected by the Mejlis till October, 1947. The Russians eventually retired from Northern Iran, and the *status quo* in the oilfields of the Middle East was preserved.

So the whole of the fantastic liquid wealth which lies beneath the basin of the Tigris, the Euphrates and the Persian Gulf is controlled by American, British, Dutch and French oil companies. Never before in oil history have such large pools been discovered or such long-lasting, heavy-yielding wells been drilled. For example, three wells in Iran have each produced seven million tons of oil. So prolific are the wells in Saudi-Arabia that the average output per well has risen to 1,400 tons a day, against an average of under 2 tons in the United States. Although field development is still at an early stage, the oil reserves of the Middle East already proved are believed to equal those of the entire Western Hemisphere.

The fields in Iran and Iraq, although the first to be exploited, are still only half developed. South of Iraq at the top of the Persian Gulf lies Kuwait. Here the concession is held jointly in equal shares by Anglo-Iranian and Gulf Oil (American). To the south of Kuwait is a neutral zone owned jointly by the Sheik of Kuwait and King Ibn Saud, and this is now being drilled by an independent American oil company which has paid a high price for the licence to wild-cat. In the vast Saudi-Arabian concession south of it, covering 400,000 square miles, the operating company is the Arabian-American, owned as to 30 per cent. each by the Standard Oil of California, Standard Oil of New Jersey and the Texas Company, and as to 10 per cent. by the Socony-Vacuum. Off the coast, further down, is the Island of Bahrein, where the oil concession is now being operated jointly by Standard Oil of California and the Texas Company. South of Bahrein, on the coast, is the Sheikdom of Qatar, which began to export oil for the first time a few months ago. This concession is being worked by the British-managed Iraq Petroleum.

Excluding Egypt, where important new fields have also been discovered, the oil output of the Middle East will soon be a third of that of the United States. Here is its remarkable record :—

	Million Metric Tons					
	Iran	*Iraq*	*Saudi-Arabia*	*Bahrein*	*Kuwait*	*Total*
'39	*11.2*	*4.2*	*0.5*	*1.1*	—	*17.0*
'45	17.1	4.7	2.8	1.1	—	25.7
'46	19.5	4.7	8.2	1.2	0.8	34.4
'47	20.4	4.4	12.3	1.4	2.2	40.7
'48	25.2	3.5	19.2	1.5	6.4	55.8
'49	26.8	3.5	24.0	1.8	12.0	68.1

By 1952 the total crude oil production of these fields is planned to reach 115 million tons, and by 1953 130 million tons.

The oil development of the Middle East is not without its awkward problems. In the first place the peoples are backward and the labour is expensive to train. Wherever the pioneer oil company goes, it has to build townships, house the workers, erect schools and hospitals and in general act the Welfare State. The trouble is that the heavy royalties it pays too often go into the pockets of local sheiks and royal families instead of into a fund for the betterment of the native population. Recently the Sheik of Kuwait died. He ruled over only 6,000 square miles and 100,000 inhabitants. In 1948 he received in oil royalties no less than $4,750,000 and, in rentals for his half of the neutral zone, $600,000. One wonders, too, what Ibn Saud proposes to do with his fabulous wealth. Iran is at last giving a better lead, for the Shah has engaged an American firm of consultants to draw up a five-year plan of capital development which will be financed largely out of the Anglo-Iranian royalty.

When one finds that the royalties and rentals paid by the oil companies in 1948 came to nearly $78 millions*, one realises that the role of exploiter in the oil world of the Middle East is played, not by the shareholders, but by the concessionees. The Arabian-American Oil Company has paid no dividend yet in fifteen years of operation in the world's most prolific oilfield. The dividends paid by the Anglo-Iranian are less than the royalties paid to the Shah and are a mere fraction of its gross earnings. The local wages bill in Iran of the Anglo-Iranian exceeds $1,500,000 a month and that of the Arabian-American $1,500,000.

Another awkward problem is getting the oil from these desert fields to the market. At present, the greater part of this Middle East oil is carried by tankers through the Suez Canal. The round trip from the head of the Persian Gulf to the English Channel is about 7,000 miles, but overland to the Mediterranean coast the distances from the fields are from 700 to 1,000 miles. Pipelines are therefore all-important. Unfortunately the only pipelines working are the 12-inch and 16-inch lines from Iraq to Tripoli (Lebanon), for the section which bifurcates to Haifa has been closed by the cold war between Arabs and Jews. (Egypt is even stopping the passage of tankers to Haifa.) A 30-inch pipe is planned from Kirkuk to the Syrian coast with a capacity of 13 million tons. Bigger still is the 30/31-inch trunk line from Saudi-Arabia to Sidon (Lebanon)—a distance of 1,000 miles—which is being built at a cost of £50 millions to carry 15 million tons a year. It will be completed by 1953. But the greatest of all these projects is the 34-inch pipe from Southern Iran to Kuwait and the Mediterranean coast, to carry 25 million tons. This will be owned jointly by the Anglo-Iranian, the Standard Oil of New Jersey and the Socony-Vacuum.

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* Iran $33 millions, Iraq $7,250,000 plus $3,295,000 rentals, Saudi-Arabia $28 millions, Bahrein $1,500,000 and Kuwait $4,750,000, plus $600,000 rentals.

The local refineries are, of course, being enlarged, as well as the pipelines. The largest are Abadan (24 million tons), Ras Tanura, Saudi-Arabia (6 million tons), Bahrein (7 million tons) and Haifa (4 million tons). The Americans had planned a huge new refinery on the coast at Tripoli or Sidon, but were held back by the Arab-Jew alarms. From the political point of view the world's richest oilfields could not have been discovered in a more awkward spot.

Does the mind reel at these fabulous figures of wealth? Then one has only to marvel at the soaring output of the Middle East oilfields to be astonished at the reasonableness of the British case for substituting surplus sterling oil for dollar oil in the sterling area. But this is another story. NICHOLAS DAVENPORT

(*To be continued.*)

London Diary

BEHIND the brave show of bunting and flowers a good deal of hard political work is proceeding in conversations between M. Schumann and Mr. Bevin. A meeting of Foreign Ministers, probably in London, is expected this spring, and the discussions, particularly those relating to a German Treaty, are in preparation for Mr. Acheson's arrival. Britain is backing the French on the Saar, and, what troubles me far more, is going further, I am told, in backing the French in Indo-China. I believe the decision to support Bao Dai with American—and now apparently British—arms, is the very worst international decision that has been made since the war. Walter Lippmann wrote admirably on the subject in the *Herald Tribune* the other day. He pointed out that if the West wished to help the Soviet Union to dominate Asia it could have done nothing better than we are now doing in China and Viet Nam. In China, Chiang Kai-shek is using American bombers to kill thousands of innocent people. The Chinese are, therefore, finally confirmed in the view that Soviet Russia is their friend and Western Imperialism their enemy. Chiang has no hopes whatever of loosening the hold of Communism in China; his followers quite openly say that their object is to involve Britain and America in a third world war with Russia. In their incredible egotism they talk of seeing it start in the next twelve months. Similarly, in Indo-China, says Lippmann, Ho Chi Minh and the mass of the population who support him have always been suspicious of the Chinese. They would have welcomed support from the West which would have enabled them to maintain their independence while being friendly with Mao Tse-tung. By making war upon them we are compelling Viet Nam to rely on Communism.

* * *

I can well understand the fierce reasons of expediency that have decided the Dominions Office to prevent Seretse Khama entering his native country. But I find it difficult to believe that the decision is wise or that the Government's refusal to publish what may well be an embarrassing report is defensible. Admittedly Seretse Khama is the chosen Chief; admittedly too the High Commissioner has legal right to veto the choice. But like some other legal rights, its exercise destroys the convention it upholds. The High Commissioner lives in Mafeking within Union Territory; no one will believe that South African opinion about Seretse's English wife has not affected the decision of Whitehall. Mr. Gordon-Walker is of course telling the truth when he denies pressure from South Africa, but, like many M.P.s who heard his statement in the House, I shall remain convinced, unless the report is published and throws fresh light on the affair, that the Union's detestation of white blood at the head of a tribe (which it already regards with avaricious eyes) was the decisive factor.

* * *

Mr. Attlee was certainly right to warn the House of Commons that a watertight security system, which could make sure of spotting another Dr. Fuchs, would have to rely on totalitarian methods. M.I.5 can catch the common or under-the-garden-seat agent who spies for a living and also the weakling who gives information under threat of blackmail, in his cups or in someone else's bed. But the high-minded and conscientious citizen in a key position who passes information for no other motive than because he thinks that it is his duty to do so, is extraordinarily difficult to spot. Indeed, it is almost impossible to do so unless every decent person in Government employment is treated as a potential traitor. This indeed was one of the issues which led to Mr. Lilienthal's resignation from the Atomic Energy Commission. He found that the mountain of loyalty tests imposed by Congress and the Military Authorities was making it impossible to keep first-rate scientists in Government employment. Indeed, he once pointed out that the Congressmen who were trying to make atomic research really secure were very like a policeman determined to censor a Chinese work of literature though he did not know a word of Chinese. Even from a military point of view, scientific freedom is worth preserving.

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Having said all this, I must admit that the Prime Minister's testimonial to the perfection of our security organisation was a little surprising. The Secret Service vote is now, I gather, costing about six million pounds compared with under half a million in 1938. Many of the able "temporaries" who struggled against its worst abuses, stupidities and extravagences in the war years have gone back to civilian life, and few of them would claim that everything was perfect in 1945 when they left. There will always be reckless waste of money, indecent favouritism and gross departmental overlapping in this sort of work—not to mention sheer stupidity. Now that the size and number of the various secret organisations has been so swollen, there is a strong case for ending the old system under which they are solely responsible to the Prime Minister and even he does not exert anything approaching a departmental responsibility. Why should not the Minister of Defence take charge and be given real power to exercise detailed control? All that the Prime Minister can know is that the directives he gives to the Secret Service chiefs are sensible. His assurance that they are carried out efficiently can be no more than a repetition of the views of the men in charge.

* * *

The three Americans named Field who disappeared in Eastern Europe last summer have still not been traced by the State Department. Rumour, however, connects their names with the treason trials that are expected in Czechoslovakia. For some reason, the United States Government has not issued any real protest in their case as it did in that of Vogeler. In its absence, Noel Field has been called a Communist agent in the Hiss trial and an American agent in the Rajk trial. He had already disappeared in Eastern Europe when the defence lawyers of Alger Hiss began urgently to seek for him. Since he could not appear, his reputation, which was that of a brave and capable humanitarian who worked in the League of Nations for disarmament and more recently to aid refugees from the Nazis, has been undermined.

Hermann Field has also disappeared. He is an architect who worked in Czechoslovakia, after Hitler's invasion in 1939, with the British Committee for Refugees and who was consequently known to leading Czechs of all parties. In 1947 he led a tour of architects in Czechoslovakia, studying reconstruction, by arrangement with the Prague Government, and he again visited the country as a tourist in 1949, although he knew his brother was missing. He was unwilling to believe that the Czech authorities might have a hand in his brother's disappearance and so followed him there and was joined by Noel's wife. This does not sound like the behaviour of a clever agent, but of unsuspecting innocence. Indeed those who know Hermann are convinced that his wife is right in denying that he had any connection at all with the intelligence service of any country. She has been trying for six months to get him traced. It would certainly be strange if we have so far forgotten Hitler that those who helped his victims should become the casualties of the cold war.

* * *

Mr. Park thought the result of the elections was better than nothing. "If we had had any more of this nationalisation we should all have been so tied up that we could not have got anything," he said . . . "Yes, a nice drop of rain in February, but the sub-soil was not soaked—not what you would call soaked, even now." He said that was how it would be when things got so dry last year, but "they never took such things as that into their calculations." I forebore to ask who "they" were and remarked on the heat of the March sunshine. "Well," said Mr. Park, "it's seasonal, properly speaking." Not, I suggested, in my experience. "Yes," he said, "when I was a boy we always had it regular as clockwork. The weather would break up near the end of February and we had three weeks, mostly sunshine. Then it would change suddenly, and blow hard and sudden from the north-east. It was called the blackthorn winter. You would get a couple of inches of snow in an afternoon. That would last until about March 28th and the sun would come out and the snow would all be gone. That happened regular as clockwork." I never argue with Mr. Park. CRITIC

FRILLS

Colonel "Teddy" Tinling, designer of the "panties" worn by Miss Gertrude Moran, the American player at Wimbledon last year, has resigned. The resignation was exclusively reported in the *Daily Telegraph*, February 22.

It fell upon the doomsday eve
  When the Atom race was on,
That from U.S. came a bonny lass
  To play at Wimbledon.

A Colonel there in the tennis set
  Who long the stars had dressed,
Showed new designs on sporting lines,
  And one she liked the best.

O, tennis frocks are plain, and straight,
  And tennis shorts are bare,
But a style she wore not seen before,
  With frilly underwear.

Next morning half the daily press
  For A-bombs had small space,
For each front page showed the tennis rage,
  The undies flounced with lace.

Then up the Tennis Chairman spake,
  And did the Colonel chide;
"Publicity for frills," quoth he,
  "Is most undignified!

"No seemly clothing, no ample smock
  The Tennis Club condemns,
But we owe our fame to the well-played game!
  Lay off those lacy hems!"

Strong words are spoken anigh the courts,
  The Colonel has resigned;
"I will be gone from Wimbledon
  Where fashion lags behind.

"Ye have banned the lassies in ankle socks,
  And lassies in short-sleeved shirts,
Ye have frowned on shorts for Wimbledon courts,
  Ye have thundered at knee-length skirts!

"Queens of Wimbledon have I gowned
  Since skirts round ankles swirled!
Say what you will of my fancy frill,
  My frill's gone round the world!"

O, high and low must they seek for one
  To take the Colonel's place,
Who'll never present in the tournament
  A *ruche* or a ruffle of lace.

Until the A-bomb shall chance to fall,
  And the human species kill,
No Wimbledon queen will ever be seen
  In garments trimmed with a frill.

SAGITTARIUS

THIS ENGLAND

Prizes are awarded of £1 for the first entry and 5/- for each of the others printed. Paste entries on a POSTCARD.

The modeller calls this "The H-Bomb Style," explaining that the "H" is for peroxide of hydrogen, used for the colouring. The hair is dressed to rise in waves, as from a bomb-burst, at the nape of the neck.—*Daily Telegraph*. (Eveline Ward.)

Manual street sweeping operations could be revolutionised psychologically by the effect of using brightly coloured brooms.—*The Surveyor*. (H. H. Fink.)

At the inquiry counsel for the estate said: "Taking over this estate would completely finish the area as a reserve for the middle classes. We are looking to the Minister to retain it as such."—*Hampstead and Highgate Express*. (Fred Uhlman.)

I have cured many boys and girls of biting—by taking up the arm of the culprits and biting it above the elbow hard enough to make them really understand the pain they cause. Parents have thanked me.—Letter in *Sunday Express*. (M. E. Wakefield.)

Facing the Future

[In this article, Mr. Maurice Edelman, M.P., presents a view of Labour strategy opposed to that advocated editorially in this journal.]

LET'S stop shooting admirals. It encourages no one. Indeed, it is as unedifying for successful Labour candidates in industrial boroughs to round on Morrison for failing to deliver the whole middle-class vote, as it is for unsuccessful candidates in the "dormitories" to attack Bevan because Tory clerks went into battle chanting "Vermin." We won the campaign. Those who organised it deserve our praise and thanks. But we all know that we can't afford another victory like it. Labour's task is to recover the position as a national party which it gained for the first time in 1945; from which the Tories almost dislodged it in February, 1950; and without which it can never achieve power.

Consider how Labour became a majority Government in 1945. For several years, Britain had lived in conditions of war-time full employment. Rationing had introduced a rough and ready system of "fair-shares". Industry had submitted to a high degree of central planning. With Labour a part of the Coalition and the prestige of the T.U.C. enhanced, the status of the factory worker had risen, while the principles of the Welfare State were already germinating in Arthur Greenwood's Coalition Committee. *Picture Post*, Penguins, even the B.B.C. leaned towards the conception of a post-war Britain where economic planning and a care for personal liberty and welfare would go hand-in-hand. In those days, to be non-political meant to be Labourish.

To millions of Labour voters in 1945, Socialism was not a corpus of doctrine. It was a state of mind, an outlook that preferred planning to a free-for-all, social justice to the trampling down of the weakest. The slogan "Let us Face the Future" inspired a generation that wanted hope in contrast to the prolonged dejection of the 'thirties. Labour was swept to power in 1945 on a wave of optimism.

In February, 1950, Labour had to be judged, not on promise alone but on a combination of performance and promise. To what extent had the hoped-for revolution been completed? What did it still have to offer? The 1945 programme was fulfilled—all, that is to say, except the actual transfer of steel to public ownership. Its fulfilment had exhausted many of the impulses which had brought Labour to power in 1945. The genuine altruism of some of the lowest-paid workers had been severely tested by their own difficulties. The lower middle-classes had been seduced by Woolton's meretricious appeals. Shopkeepers and small business-men had been attacked by nationalisation-phobia. The prospective end of Marshall Aid had produced an end-of-the-world neurosis. Symptomatically, *Picture Post*, Penguins and the B.B.C. had on the whole swung away from Labour. The bias had changed. To be non-political in 1950 meant to be Toryish.

The question remains, "Could Labour have done better in 1950 with a different campaign policy?" Let's look first at some of the criticisms. "*Labour could have done better if it had gone to the country on a more Socialist policy*." But if the words "Socialist policy" are used to mean more extensive nationalisation, the proposition is clearly wrong. Labour with its present programme of public ownership had large majorities in those industrial areas where nationalisation had a direct influence. A programme of more nationalisation wouldn't have won another seat.

"*Morrison shouldn't have sucked up to the middle-classes*." But why should an interpretation of Labour's policy directed to a valuable section of the nation be regarded as toadyism? The argument of some neo-Leftists that Labour can gain power by converting all manual workers to Socialism is fallacious. There will always be a fringe of voters among manual workers, as among other classes, to whom Socialism with its emphasis on public service will make no appeal, and who will never fail to vote for the party that promises most. Morrison was and remains fully justified in directing Labour's appeal to the "useful people"—those who are, or have been, productive and serviceable to the nation, whether as manual workers or as members of the working middle classes. Labour cannot win the next election as a class party. It can only win as a party of the nation, pursuing a Socialist policy.

This policy has two aspects—its nature and its presentation. The Labour Government, with its fragile majority, must now concentrate on maintaining essential economic planning, without allowing itself to be diverted by political side-shows. The transfer of economic power to the nation—and the assurance of full employment—is incomplete as long as steel remains in private hands. On the other hand, the nationalisation of cement and sugar, however desirable, can wait. We should not be apologetic in advocating the principles of public ownership. The empirical arguments are strong—none better than the experience of the coal industry. For that reason, the case for steel should not be left to the hard-working back-room boys of Transport House. It must be stated as a major act of policy by Labour's political leaders.

Nor should Labour in the next few months jib away from the question of a wages policy. Both justice and expediency require that some help be given to the lowest-paid workers whether in public services like the railways, the post office and the teaching profession, or in private employment like shop-assistants. The wage-freeze cannot last. It is likely to crack up in a series of strikes—authorised or otherwise. Alternatively, the Government can propose a Socialist wages policy in which, after a suitable inquiry into profits, a fairer allocation can be made to wages and salaries than is the case to-day.

The third major task of the Labour Government in the next few months is to socialise the National Boards and perfect their administration. Already they have achieved great success. But joint consultation and identification of the worker with his industry have not been completely achieved, nor has the cold stare across the Board Room table been finally dispelled. There is undoubtedly wastefulness in administration; all the way down the "line of command" are job-squatters with job-squatting staffs. Labour can best advertise the merits of nationalisation in the coming months by showing how well the Nationalised Boards can work.

These are measures for consolidating Socialism. How would the Liberals view them? The answer is that the place for *laissez-faire* Liberals is in the Tory Party. The Liberal Radicals who believe in central planning and in Governmental intervention in the nation's economic affairs will find their proper home within the Labour Party. What is it that, at the moment, keeps the Liberal Radicals outside the Labour Party? It is an aversion from steel nationalisation, and a certain apprehension about the power of the T.U.C. Those reluctances can be overcome by a combined effort of Socialist pragmatism and Liberal realism. No Liberal who supported the nationalisation of the coal industry or who has defended the rights of Trade Unionism should hesitate to enter the only party which to-day is capable of resisting the Tories and safeguarding the great Radical tradition.

Nothing could be more disastrous for the Labour Government within the next few months than, for the sake of living a little longer, to make compromises on its Socialist principles. We are still explaining away the compromises of 1931. Yet we shouldn't shrink from caution in our progress, merely because our opponents want to slow down our advance. Nothing has infuriated the Tories more in the last five years than Labour's emergence from the swaddling clothes of a class-party, into its full development as a party of the nation. Last month, there was a substantial falling away of middle-class voters. Labour must not draw a line across the electorate, and accept the present state of affairs as an immutable confrontation of the classes. That would indeed be to play the Tory game.

Our task is to reaffirm our purposes as a party of the nation; to define clearly our programme of economic planning, combined with private initiative; to state it in the imaginative language of *Let Us Face the Future*, rather than in the flat voice of the 1950 Manifesto; to embrace within our party all those who seek Britain's recovery in conditions of social and economic justice; and to proceed with our legislation and administration as empirical Socialists. With that achieved, we can face the next General Election with the confidence that the Labour majority of 1945 was not a historical accident, but the expression of the nation's profound belief in the cause that Labour represents.

MAURICE EDELMAN

So They Say . . .

THE Fuchs case supplied Fleet Street with excellent copy and Armistice-size headlines for several days, although it appeared to leave the reading public singularly unmoved. With such a cloak-and-dagger subject, it was perhaps natural that there should be some confusion.

Sunday Express, March 5:—

> *The Editor:* I am sure beyond a shadow of doubt that if ever a conflict arose between Britain and Soviet Russia, men like Pollitt, Horner, Moffat, and all the others, whether avowed Communists or fellow-travellers, would be on the side of Britain. . . .

Daily Express, March 6:—

> This, then, is the kind of organisation we face; not a limited number of hired spies, or of Russian agents—the direct spying is never done by Russians. They merely direct the organisation . . . for their selection of recruits they have the range of the 92,000 people who voted Communist a fortnight ago. . . .

Sunday Graphic, March 5:—

> Skardon, seconded two years ago from the Yard Special Branch . . . soon broke down Fuchs' front of perplexed inoffensiveness. . . .

Daily Mail, March 2:—

> For Skardon it was no easy task to question and talk about material things to a man whom some rated as second to Einstein, whose brain was so highly developed that it was hard for the materialistic security officer to gauge what was going on inside it. . . .

Daily Express, March 2:—

> Fuchs . . . [drove] a fast M.G. sports car. . . .

Daily Mail, March 2:—

> He had a very old Morris car . . . so old that the wind blew the roof off. . . .

Precept and Practice

Headlines linking Fuchs with Mr. Strachey will be fresh in the mind of readers of one London evening paper. Editorial directives, they may conclude, can be honoured in the breach.

Manchester Guardian, March 4:—

> On January 22, 1946 (so the Royal Commission on the Press was told), a London evening paper circulated a notice to its staff: "Never accept any statement of which there is the slightest suspicion. Never use a half-fact as a fact. Never turn probabilities or possibilities into established facts. Never exaggerate. KEEP TO THE TRUTH. KEEP TO THE FACTS." In the following February the editor issued a further notice which ended: "Above everything, watch carefully that headlines do not give false impressions. This is our practice and our aim at all times. . . ."

Wait for it !

Sunday Express, March 5:—

> THE MISSING LINK—AND OTHER GREAT STORIES
>
> On page 8 to-day you will find the first of a fascinating new series . . . over the next two months outstanding scientists of our age will tell of recent discoveries that are transforming life as we have known it . . . then comes the greatest story of all—the DUKE OF WINDSOR'S own story of his romance and abdication. . . .

AUTOLYCUS

New Dominion?

IN just under 18 months since its first meeting in Barbados, the Standing Closer Association Committee has produced a realistic blue-print of a new Dominion in the British Caribbean. The representatives of the island and mainland territories, and their Chairman, Sir H. Rance, have done remarkably well to complete their work so expeditiously, and to achieve agreement about the main outline of a federal constitution. It was at the Montego Bay Conference in 1947 that, after prolonged debate, the principle of federation was finally accepted by all the territories save British Guiana. Its acceptance was due to the common conviction that it offered the only hope of complete political independence within the framework of the Commonwealth. This federal principle, which enabled the old Dominions to throw off their colonial status, has already proved of inestimable value in the evolution of the Commonwealth. It has been transformed, by the labours of the Closer Association Committee, from a nebulous aspiration towards dominion status into the positive and detailed shape of a possible federal structure which would include all the territories of the British Caribbean.

The Report rightly underlines the assumption that political independence in the Caribbean area is impracticable for the separate territories so long as it is pursued in isolation from their neighbours. It is only within reach of all these territories, large and small, if they combine on a regional basis. For political independence cannot be squared with economic dependence. The elaborate and expensive social, administrative, and defence services required by the modern State simply cannot be afforded by these impoverished agricultural communities. Their economic equilibrium is highly unstable, for they often lose their crops after hurricanes or droughts, and they are always at the mercy of the ups and downs of the world market for sugar. But so long as they are unable to provide the recurrent cost of essential services out of their own pockets, they will depend on external financial assistance, which will involve some measure of outside supervision and control of their affairs. Economic viability is only possible for the region as a whole, and for each territory as a member of a regional association.

Nevertheless, it would be a fatal mistake, which the authors of the Report have carefully avoided, to regard federation as a substitute for responsible government at the unit level. Their recommendations would have had no chance of acceptance in the W. Indies if they had not pointed out that political advance in the separate territories must continue to be fostered for its own sake. It would dim the prospect of federation if we were to relax our effort to speed up the pace of territorial autonomy on the pretext of waiting for agreement about political union. The picture we catch sight of in the Report shows us a free association of internally self-governing territories which belong as units in a British Caribbean Federation.

The proposed federal constitution is altogether praiseworthy for the attention it pays to the machinery of government, and for its deliberate disregard of matters of abstract right or fundamental law. By concentrating upon the minimum requirements of a federal system of government, its authors have given their finished article a flexible and unfinished quality which will enable it to grow gradually in response to changing political and social conditions. The other signal merit of the suggested federal set-up is that it represents the only type of federation which would have a chance of working satisfactorily and surviving in the peculiar circumstances of the British W. Indies.

It is a "loose" federation with a weak centre limited to a minimum of functions, which would naturally include foreign and Commonwealth relations, external communications, and overseas trade. The territorial governments will continue to manage their own internal affairs, and they will inherit all residual powers. They will be asked to surrender nothing but executive powers they could not carry out equally satisfactorily themselves, and the degree of financial authority needed to pay for the federal administration. The Report follows the example of other federal constitutions when it recommends a bi-cameral Legislature, with a House of Assembly elected by adult franchise and a Senate to represent the member territories. It is indeed essential to avoid the subordination of the lesser territories to the larger populations of Jamaica and Trinidad. This will be secured by the existence of a Second Chamber in which each territory has equal representation. In this way the standpoint of the smaller islands will always receive due consideration in the process of legislation. I think few would challenge the wisdom of not allowing the Senate to become a rival authority, and a possible cause of obstruction and delay. To maintain the supremacy of the House of Assembly, the powers of the Senate will be similar to those of the House of Lords under the recent Parliament Act, and its members will be nominated by the Governor-General instead of being elected by the public. The lynch-pin of the Executive will be the Council of State, which will approximate increasingly to a Federal Cabinet. It will constitute "the policy-forming instrument" in the new constitution; at its meetings policy will be decided, and estimates of expenditure and future legislation will be approved. It will be responsible to the Federal Parliament through the Prime Minister, who will himself be elected by its members. He, in turn, will choose the majority of his Ministerial colleagues on the Council.

Such is the bald outline of a Report which will surely rank among the great constitutional documents of our time. It claims to offer the shortest path to full and equal partnership within the Commonwealth. Whether this offer is accepted or declined must now rest with the elected representatives of the Caribbean peoples, who will pronounce upon the Report when it is submitted to the territorial Legislatures. It is for those representative bodies to decide whether to accept, reject, or amend the recommendations in the Report. Much time will be required for the consideration and discussion of political union.

Our own responsibility lies in doing what we can to assure economic stability for the region. Without economic stability there is little prospect of successful representative institutions, either in the territories or at the federal centre. Trade recession creates conditions of unrest which threaten two of the assumptions of federation, responsible government and the British connection. We must therefore do everything we can to support the economic development of these territories. We should recognise, above all, that our own standard of living is far higher than that of our fellow citizens in the colonies, and that we owe them a duty to make sure that we are not enjoying it at their expense. The price we pay for our sugar ration decides whether the W. Indies is to have a reasonably remunerative market for its sugar crop. Let us not forget that the whole political future of the British territory in the W. Indies, and their long-term relationship with the rest of the Commonwealth, will be determined by the commercial policy of a Government that we elect.

LISTOWEL

"Back to the Cat"

It may often happen that a legislature disregards at its peril the demands of public anger. The Lord Chief Justice spoke for many angry people last week when, in passing seven-year sentences on two boys for viciously assaulting an elderly woman in a railway carriage in order to rob her of £1, he said "This case must give one furiously to think whether the modern methods of dealing with young criminals are not to some extent responsible for these outrages." Many, indeed, will have sympathised with the regret implied in his concluding words: "It is not for me to criticise the wisdom of Parliament that prevents me from doing what I might have done 18 months ago, when I could have had you well whipped."

Nor is it sensible to adopt Freudian explanations of the recurrent belief in judicial flogging; as a survival of the *lex talionis*, it need be no more Freudian than retaliation with the point of the elbow in a bus-queue. When the story of these two young thugs—aged 15 and 17—first appeared in the papers, I could have flogged them heartily within the first ten minutes after reading it. Recent accounts of London youths marauding in gangs, armed with bicycle chains, lead piping, and knuckle-dusters, have reinforced the cry now going up in sections of the Press: "Back to the cat."

The Victorians were encouraged in this feeling. "I think it highly desirable," wrote Sir James FitzJames Stephen in his *History of the Criminal Law of England*, "that criminals should be hated, that the punishments inflicted upon them should be so contrived as to give expression to that hatred . . . The doctrine that hatred and vengeance are wicked in themselves appears to me to contradict plain facts and to be unsupported by any argument deserving of attention." He wrote a lot more like that, insisting that "death, flogging, and the like . . . emphatically justify and gratify the public desire for vengeance upon offenders." It was a popular view. Of course, among the "arguments not deserving of attention" was the Sermon on the Mount, but you had to take the world as you found it, and the world had outgrown the attempts of Bacon and Blackstone to relate the whole of the law to the Divine will: fair acknowledgement of this early influence was considered to be made in the Common Law on larceny and in the Sunday Observance Acts.

It is quite a popular view still. But even some of those who have hitherto set their faces against judicial flogging are worried about the prevalence of violent crime, and wonder whether the state of our society is really advanced enough, after all, to be satisfied with laws that are not fiercely retributive. The Judges must know about these things, they feel. Prominent members of the criminal Bar are heard to declare that prisoners indicted for robbery with violence were always ready, before 1948, to plead guilty to larceny or to simple robbery rather than stand their trial on the major charge and risk a flogging. And in spite of the known facts, in spite of the proved failure of flogging as a deterrent to violence, it is still asserted that this or that epidemic of violence was stamped out by Mr. Justice So-and-So's use of the cat. It may well be worth while looking once again at the recorded facts—the record is as recent as 1938.

In that year a Departmental Committee of lawyers, doctors, magistrates and a judge reviewed "the law and practice relating to corporal punishment," and reported to the Home Secretary "what changes were necessary or desirable." The change which they unanimously recommended was that "the use of corporal punishment as a court penalty should be entirely abandoned"; and they have since had the unusual satisfaction of seeing their recommendation become law. To read the evidence upon which they based it is to realise that they could have made no other. They analysed, for example, the post-prison records of 440 men convicted of robbery with violence in the ten years ending in 1930, of whom 142 were flogged in addition to getting prison sentences, while 298 got prison sentences only. The Committee found that "a sentence of imprisonment without corporal punishment was no less effective in deterring the offender from committing a further offence of robbery with violence than a sentence of imprisonment combined with corporal punishment." So much for deterrence; what of retribution? "As regards subsequent offences other than robbery with violence," added the Committee, "the record of the men flogged was found to be worse than that of those who had not been flogged"; and some of the flogged men committed robbery with violence again.

The Committee rejected also, on the same unimpeachable ground, the whipping of juveniles. "They might understand a sound thrashing from the victim of the offence, but a judicial birching is more likely to appear as an arbitrary and cold-blooded act of cruelty on the part of the official who has himself suffered no wrong." The Chief Constables who gave evidence, coming down heavily and traditionally in favour of whipping, nevertheless wanted their policemen relieved of the job; they wanted it done by the headmaster of the offender's school or (believe it or not) by the probation officer.

This failed to commend itself to probation officers. The first task of these hard-working and often grossly-misrepresented people is to obtain the co-operation of their charges, and they felt that the relationship of flogger and flogged would be an inauspicious beginning. "We agree with this view," said the Committee laconically. But how strange it is that the Judges, the police, and all those who regard both as the oracles of penology should so constantly declare, again in defiance of all the facts, that the present "wave" of violent crime is due to "the increasing use of probation." A glance at the Criminal Statistics for recent years would show them that the Courts are using probation less and less—the Judges using it less than the magistrates.

Those who have to order their lives on the assumption that figures must bear some realistic relation to the facts they record still believe that if flogging is known to stimulate crime, then its reintroduction must inevitably mean that some people, somewhere, are going to be victimised who would otherwise have been immune. It is against this awkward fact that you have to set the equally irrefutable one that the flogging of thugs is an assuagement of popular anger.

The truth is that, while no one would suggest that probation is the right treatment for robbery with violence (it must, in any event, be related not to the offence but to the offender), probation is at once being misused and not used enough. It cannot be used enough because one probation officer can supervise only a limited number of cases—at present he is given the impossible average of fifty at a time. It is probable that, if the crime problem were sufficiently understood to enable strategy to be rated above tactics, the demand for more probation officers would be heard above the call for more police. And under present conditions in the probation service it would meet with no more success—the best men and women are leaving for better-paid work.

One abuse of probation, as Sir Harold Scott has said, lies in so using it as to foster the belief that it follows automatically upon every first conviction; and a worse aspect is its repeated use on offenders who will not co-operate. Nevertheless all experience shows, in the larger picture, that to abandon probation and "bring back the cat" would merely intensify our troubles.

Heavy prison sentences, then? Lord Goddard's seven-year sentences on the two boys, and his ten-year sentence the same day on a brute who had battered a lonely woman insensible and stolen a few pounds from her home, have been followed by similar violent robberies every day since. There is no record in the history of crime that severity has ever been a sufficient deterrent. We can draw on the experience of the past for proof that hanging itself would not stop violence, and upon recent research for proof that flogging increases it. The history of post-war behaviour throughout the centuries should teach us that, although the problem is a grave enough one by itself, it is part of the larger social *malaise* engendered by war. There is absolutely no scope for complacency in the fact that its present gravity is likely to be temporary. But let us keep our heads.

C. H. Rolph

The Play of Ideas

[In this article Mr. James Bridie criticises the views expressed by Mr. Terence Rattigan last week on the art of the dramatist.]

One of Rattigan's major mistakes is to get angry with Shaw. This mistake may do no more than cause a little mild astonishment and, perhaps, give pleasure to that magnificent old gentleman himself. A more serious mistake is for one of our best dramatists to turn critic.

A good dramatic critic is essentially irresponsible. When he takes on the attitude of responsibility, he becomes unbearable. He lays down arbitrary laws and does his best to cripple the dramatist at every turn. Nobody realised that better than Shaw, who commenced critic and proceeded dramatist. *Our Theatre in the Nineties* is a cataract of spirited opinions, not a book of instructions. The shades of the prison house had not yet gathered. Shaw had not yet assumed that sense of responsibility to his craft, his colleagues, his employers and his customers that came to Rattigan at an early age. His only duty was to argue high, to argue low and also to argue all about him.

It is true that he loudly expressed a personal preference for plays containing ideas over plays containing no ideas at all; but he never fell into Rattigan's present error of mistaking abstractions for realities. He knew that the Play of Situation, the Play of Character, the Play of Ideas and so on were not plays at all, but convenient luggage labels affixed by officials. So does Rattigan, but he has been bamboozled by "responsible" dramatic critics.

He has been so bamboozled that it is difficult to believe that he has ever read or seen a play by Shaw. Dear Terence, *are* these plays sociological tracts? *Are* their characters emotionally sterile gramophone records, or have you only been told that they are? Do tracts make us laugh? Do automata make us weep?

If it comes to that, is there no sociological content in *Adventure Story?* Is *The Browning Version* barren of ideas?

If Rattigan, the dramatist, will have a look at Shaw's work, he will rapidly arrive at his *reductio ad absurdum.* He will find a series of plays constructed after the best available models with almost pathetic care. He will find a sense of situation (sometimes expressing itself in parody, but always respectful to Aristotle) unequalled in any dramatist of our time. Let him try to beat Act II of *The Devil's Disciple.*

It is all very well for Rattigan to dip his flag to Shaw's brilliance. That is merely an act of common courtesy. But has anybody, since Dickens, given us such a gallery of characters? Is Joan an automaton? Are Lickcheese, Liza, Burgoyne, Bluntschli, Androcles, Bill Walker, Warwick, Prossy, Chavender, Gunner, Catharine of Braganza, Doolittle, William the Waiter, Tom Broadbent, Paddy Cullen and Shotover propaganda puppets? Is Shakespeare himself much better as a writer of Plays of Character?

Probably, yes; but not much better than Shaw is over all his contemporaries. And, talking of Shakespeare, surely it is unnecessary at this time of day to explain Shaw's jokes. The important thing is that these jokes freed Shakespeare from the bardolaters and made him again the most popular dramatist in the world. In the light of healthy derision, Shakespeare's plays were seen once more as entertainments and neither as rites nor as laboratory food.

Thus deviously I come to the point. Shaw is a liberator. Rattigan has got him all wrong. Shaw once wrote to a younger dramatist: "If I have done nothing else, I have made possible this smasher of a play." He has made possible all our plays—Rattigan's, Priestley's, the whole boiling of them. He has broken the old moulds, with their insistence that there were only four kinds of play; that they must be about murder and/or adultery; and that there was only one way of doing each variety. This has allowed a number of intelligent craftsmen in England and America to make their own, individual contributions without being booed by the gallery or bullied by the critics. Rattigan, of all people, ought to be grateful. Does he imagine for a moment that *French Without Tears* or *While the Sun Shines* would have run for a fortnight under the old dispensation? He should read the light comedies of the nineties. They were made, of course, by craftsmen; but by craftsmen with one hand tied behind their backs. He owes it to Shaw and the Vedrenne-Barker Boys and a few critics who "knew what they liked" that he is free to desert the conveyor-belt pattern and make what he wants to make, within reason. He even unblushingly makes use of ideas, thus enriching his own work and our enjoyment of it.

Surely what he wants to say is that he does not like the ideas of some of his fellow-workmen. I can quite understand that. He may even be right in thinking that what a play is *about* does not greatly matter. But, when he begins to lay down the law, I cannot follow him. Shaw never laid down the law. He asserted his preferences. The Laws of Aesthetics are deductions made by people who are not artists from works of art. It is the glory of the artist that he may spreadeagle them at any moment, every one of them. I warn Mr. Rattigan that he is falling into the pit Leonardo, Reynolds, Blake and Whistler dug for themselves.

I give a further warning, for I hope he is my friend. *Nous petits maitres* (Rattigan and myself) are lucky to have been set (by an accident of longevity) in the Shaw Era. Let us take note of the fate of Henry Arthur Jones, who has been roughly handled by posterity. Let us think twice before challenging the Master on his own undisputed field. We are on the point of removing into the era of Christopher Fry, and it would be a pity if we were utterly lost in transit.

JAMES BRIDIE

The Arts and Entertainment

JOHN GABRIEL BORKMAN

WHAT a world of changes, what revolutions in opinion, sentiment, ways of living, we can glimpse by comparing alterations in our attitude towards Ibsen and his works in the last half century. Writing of the first production in London of *John Gabriel Borkman* in 1897, Bernard Shaw remarks that as long as the characters and their action kept along the recognisable paths of the contemporary drama, all was well; but the moment it all moved into the true Ibsen air ("homely-imaginative" or the "realistic-fateful") things began to go wrong. Now, fifty-three years later, we are exactly in the opposite case. We have learned the master's lessons of homely naturalism so well that we are only at ease in them: what we boggle at now is just the patches where the then contemporary drama shows through. And by "we" I mean not merely, perhaps not even mainly, the actors—but the audience too. Or to put it more fairly, that sort of Siamese twin, the actor-audience. (A great actor is great because he can impose any mode on the audience, positively force them to experience outside their conventional range. But the competent actor is limited by the comparatively small compass of what the audience in front of him is prepared to take; he has to sense it and work within it.)

The particular example in this play that Mr. Shaw pitched on was Ella Rentheim, the sister-in-law of John Gabriel Borkman. Of her he writes:

> Here you have a part which up to a certain point almost plays itself—a sympathetic old maid with a broken heart. Nineteen twentieths of her might be transferred to the stage of the Princesses to-morrow and be welcomed there tearfully by the audiences which delight in *Two Little Vagabonds* and *East Lynne*. Her desire to adopt Erhart (the son) is plain sailing sentimentalism: her reproach to Borkman for the crime of killing the "love life" in her and himself for the sake of his ambition is, as a *coup de théâtre*, quite within the range of playwrights who rank considerably below Mr. Pinero...

This very nineteen twentieths was, fifty years ago, the easy part to act and to take—for it approximated you may be sure, if not to life as it was lived, at least to the generalised way in which they liked to think of their lives as being lived. And this is the very part (together with those like it) that we now have to swallow whole, as we swallow the conventions of opera. For us the character of Ella is redeemed by that very twist of Ibsenishness which then it was so difficult to get across. We baulk at the melodramatic; for us now the more Ibsenish, the better.

This—the more Ibsenish the better—is true in a further sense. Ibsen has become for those who are under his spell, one of those masters—Henry James is another obvious example—for whose idiosyncratic excesses we have a specially warm feeling—somewhere between a nod of admiration and a smile of affection. We have come to love (another revolution) this old Granite Block for his very unyieldingness and to prize particularly those moments when he is so relentlessly, so uncompromisingly even (at times one may think) so slightly ridiculously, more Ibsenish than Ibsen. In the new (on the whole very satisfying), Arts Theatre production of *John Gabriel Borkman* we settle straight away into this climate, the curtain rising on one of those hideously decorated dark parlours and Mrs. Borkman rigidly seated in a gown that might have been looped—cut one cannot call it—out of one of our grandfather's dingier brown velvet curtains, edged with a deeper dingier brown. And with Miss Louise Hampton in the part we have that comfortable feeling from the beginning that we are in absolutely safe hands. "Certainly not!" she will unhesitatingly and freezingly pronounce on every possible occasion; and this iciness will tell most in the third act when, confronting her husband for the first time after eight years, she punctures his delusions: "You died eight years ago." Then again before we move upstairs to confront John Gabriel himself, there is to be noticed one of those chips of the genuine granite in a remark that falls from Ella Rentheim (Cicely Paget-Bowman) who has come in from the country to plant herself on the household that day. "Explain yourself," commands Mrs. Borkman. "To explain myself," replies Ella—and it is the Ibsen method in one sentence—"I shall have to go a long way back"; and go a long way back she does.

John Gabriel Borkman, it will be remembered, was a Napoleonic financier whose schemes failed at the eleventh hour and brought bankruptcy and ruin in the train of his fall. For eight years since, he has been pacing the long room upstairs, dreaming of getting back into power, but not acting; while below in the drawing room his cold wife has counted him dead and fixed her hopes of restitution for the family name on her son. It was not she, but her sister Ella whom in the long past Borkman had really loved, but whom he had callously sacrificed to a rival in a trade bargain. This sister Ella, has had the upbringing of the Borkman son during the years of disgrace, and has returned now, touched with a mortal disease, to claim from the boy in her last months of life the love which she had shifted from the father to the son. So here, in the home where hatred and disillusion have festered for eight years, the past is revived and ravelled out in a struggle over the son's affections.

Mr. Frederick Valk as Borkman makes a fine impression of weight as we first see him with his back to us in the long room, pacing like a maimed bull. And there is a happy touch of resemblance to the playwright himself in the stocky figure, the full face, the rocky chin. Mr. Valk, I have found, sometimes overdoes the noise: but not here. His restraint is admirable and it gives just the right feeling of being exercised by a constant and terrible effort of the will. This, and the deep voice with its echoes of vanished power, and the solidly planted weight add up to tell effectively in that long winding climb up through the snow in the last act. This difficult scene at least held us completely, and this is a tribute to the sensitiveness, intelligence and grasp which had gone into Mr. Valk's preparation for it. It did not, as one felt it might have done in other hands, absolutely carry us away. Actors from the centre of Europe have one great advantage over ours: they can grunt and they can shout as no English actor can; but they have to carry the invincible handicap of a foreign intonation. Mr. Valk's Austrian accentuation and phrasing do have the effect of ironing out for our ears nearly all the subtleties in the quieter passages. But besides that in two vital scenes he had to play against the one supporting actor who was miscast.

On the other hand it does seem to me that the play itself has a difficult split. The theme of the women fighting for the son which ends the third act is never satisfactorily knit in with the Borkman theme, as one feels it would have been in the poet's maturity. It is clear from the earlier act upstairs that Borkman has hardly seen the boy these eight years and given him barely a thought. He does, it is true, enter the struggle over the son, but it is just this last-minute entry into the struggle, an entry for which we have not been in the least prepared, that makes the scene almost impossible to take nowadays. Preparation is half of the dramatist's battle and it is rare for Ibsen to neglect it. But this is a play of his old age, the last but one.

Once again, as so often in the past, we have reason to be grateful to the Arts Theatre Club for giving us this masterpiece, and to Mr. Fernald for his highly intelligent, restrained and careful direction.

T. C. WORSLEY

VICTORIA DE LOS ANGELES

HAVING acquired a considerable reputation from broadcasts and gramophone records, Victoria de los Angeles has at last made two personal appearances in London. Both were triumphantly successful. At Covent Garden she sang Mimi in *La Bohème*; at the Wigmore Hall, a few evenings later, she gave a song recital. She is unquestionably the real thing: a fine singer and a true artist.

Both voice and style are vividly personal. The voice is a warm, vibrant instrument of unusual clarity and flexibility: predominantly dark and southern in quality, but capable of a great variety of tone-colour. Her attack is clean, and she moves from note to note with a brilliant, jewel-like precision. Absolute evenness of quality throughout the scale is something rarely achieved, perhaps rarely aimed at, by Mediterranean singers; and to this rule Señora de los Angeles offers only a partial exception. Her lowest register is rich, full and appealing; and this quality is maintained up to D at all levels of intensity, and on up to the high A in her *mezza voce*, which is of a ravishing purity. But pressure on any note higher than D is apt to produce a slight discoloration, a perceptible ruffling of the smooth surface, and a hardening of timbre which can at moments amount to shrillness and stridency. I use these terms only in a relative sense: compared to some of the most admired singers of our time, the Señora sings always like an angel; she never hurts the ear. All the same, there is a danger in the marked loss of suavity which is liable to develop in this region of her voice. So far as I could judge from her solitary Mimi (an occasion on which she may well have felt nervous) the notes above the high A do not come with ease.

So much for the instrument. She uses it, with great distinction. There were passages and single phrases in her Mimi which have not sounded so beautiful and memorable and absolutely right at Covent Garden for many a long year. Among these I must mention the little melody in the Café Momus scene which begins with an upward scale of A major, "una cuffietta a pizzi, tutta rosa"; and the "Buon giorno, Marcello" in the last act, which she filled with the most tender pathos and simplicity. Her appearance is winning; her stage presence composed and serene, so that the smallest movements tell. Though she never tries to steal a scene from her colleagues, when she is on the stage it is difficult to look elsewhere; when she begins to sing, the house hangs upon each note.

Nevertheless her full quality was not revealed until the Wigmore Hall recital. This was by no means perfect. For her central group she chose Lieder by Schubert, Brahms and Strauss, in which she revealed a faulty German accent and an interesting, but decidedly unidiomatic, phrasing and style. But there were great compensations. Strauss's *Zueignung* was sung with a radiant majesty which redeemed it from bombast; and during an encore, *Der Nussbaum*, one of those mysterious turning points occurred, when full contact is suddenly made with an audience; the tone, already beautiful, sweetened and clarified. From then onwards she never put a foot wrong, spinning out the melismata of Ravel's Hebrew *Kaddish* with a dark, passionate intensity, and finally captivating the audience with a group of songs from her native Spain.

One cannot help speculating on the proper sphere of her operatic activity. She has won success as Massenet's Manon (a part in which Covent Garden might allow us to hear her), in *Faust*, and as the Countess in *Figaro* and Agathe in *Der Freischütz*. What strikes me as more questionable are her inroads into the Wagnerian repertory (Elisabeth, Elsa, Eva). Neither in timbre nor temperament can I believe her suited to these roles; nor yet to Strauss's Ariadne, which she is shortly to sing in Milan. All these parts will involve heavy pressure on the difficult region of her voice, with the risk of damage to its delicious natural quality. And the question of range arises. Many of those who heard her remarked that she was more like a mezzo than a true soprano; and though allowance must be made for the fact that we have become accustomed to sopranos who make no proper use of their chest tones, the comment contains more than an element of truth. Both in timbre and range, Señora de los Angeles is certainly closer to the late Conchita Supervia than to, say, Lotte Lehmann. I should like to see her tackle her compatriot's repertory; possibly Carmen, and certainly the sparkling Rossini roles in *Cenerentola* and *L'Italiana in Algeri*, which would suit her down to the ground. As I write this, I hear that she is to appear in Rome next September in *Il Turco in Italia*. Fortunate Romans!

DESMOND SHAWE-TAYLOR

THE MOVIES

"Letter from an Unknown Woman"
"Bitter Rice," at the Rialto
"The Astonished Heart," at the Odeon

NOT for the first time those critical watch-dogs, Messrs. Lambert, Anderson and Winnington, have barked to some purpose. But for them *They Live By Night* might never have had the London showing it deserved; and now an even brighter gift, swept aside by the shoddy which every week Hollywood floods into the West End, is in process of being retrieved. *Letter from an Unknown Woman* has just been granted the press view that should have been its a month ago. So far, so good. But talent of the kind employed here doesn't exist for the delectation of a few critics with their eyes open, or for hsphazard bookings in the provinces. What the circuits with their gross takings and grosser offerings have rejected may yet enjoy a lively success. Perhaps the Academy, which broke its Continental habits before, will oblige again? It would do us—and, incidentally, itself—a service. *Letter from an Unknown Woman* is superior to all but a very few of the films we have seen in Oxford Street during the past twelve months.

To those who have met the work of Max Opuls only in *The Reckless Moment*—which not long ago so excited our interest in a blackmailer and then half-lost it in routine thrills—the mastery of this Vienna piece will come as a rare surprise and satisfaction. I can't speak of *Liebelei*, with which he made his reputation before going to Hollywood, but obviously it would be fascinating to compare the two. *Letter from an Unknown Woman* is far too alive to be mere repetition. It re-creates its Vienna of 1900 out of a clear memory and instinctive passion; Vienna itself, subtly and beautifully suggested, is never on show; the characters, despite their American voices, bask in its sunshine and seek their tragedy against the snows; the place and the time and the love story—thanks to an alchemy that Hollywood rarely or never encourages in its snapped-up exiles—have crystallised here with distance. Whether the particular set of circumstances is exactly right or not depends on how they look and feel. It is continuity of feeling that gives to every detail of *Letter from an Unknown Woman* its wealth of grace, tenderness and irony: *because* the young girl is so unreservedly happy in love and the man delighted and indifferent, we notice the seat-buttons in the restaurant giving back the light as by an inspiration. A railing at night, leaves against a wall, the undulations of the stair-rail catch us with the same complicity. Nearly the whole film comes naturally out of the fat letter received when her crisis is over and his about to begin, and it is film narrative of the most skilled order; so skilled that even a critic, used at times to localising his attention, may find it not easy to disentangle effect and means. One doesn't want to lose a second, yet the pure pleasure of being so engrossed cannot be stayed as over a passage in a written narrative. The remedy for that is to go again; whjch I shall do as soon as some enterprising London cinema gives us the chance. That day is not, I hope, too far off. For the moment I would only draw attention to the performances of Joan Fontaine and Louis Jourdan. They match their parts perfectly, and Miss Fontaine has never acted better—has never, indeed, until now done so well, especially in the early-middle episodes.

The other films of the week seem by comparison dim; though as a matter of fact, de Santis' *Bitter Rice*, whatever its faults, is peculiarly striking. Its picture of women working in Italian rice-fields, its boldly patterned background, its mixture of violence and sex, its realism and melodrama, and its heroine (Silvana Mangano), who provides an eyeful on a magnificent scale to which we are sadly unused, is introduced by references to the Kent hop-fields, which can only suggest to us (as we stagger away) how very different is the human nature deployed there. I hope I shan't live to see—on the screen—a fight to the death in an abattoir between two couples from Wapping High Street, and a last night's revel in which the coster-girl hurls herself from a lofty platform among the dionysiacs below. The frenzies of *Bitter Rice* are easy enough to ridicule, but it retains a harsh, weather-lashed brilliance. I encountered it first six months ago in Paris, and I can't say that at the Rialto I disenjoyed seeing it again.

The best one can say of Noel Coward's *The Astonished Heart* is that it is rather better than other films about psycho-analysts, and that the return of Celia Johnson as a worried, nice wife is an event. The piece is well contrived in its theatrical clipped way, and Miss Margaret Leighton as the "other woman" wins our sympathy if Mr. Coward himself does not. But how, at this time of day, does he expect to persuade us to a Park Lane consulting room on the ninth floor? Good for jumping off, of course! Oh, and there's no couch for lying on.

WILLIAM WHITEBAIT

TELEVISION NOTES

EVEN within the B.B.C. monopoly there seems to be some scope for healthy competition. On many wireless fronts a brisk rivalry has developed between the Sight and Sound Sisters—and Television is by no means the invariable winner. For example, T. S. Eliot's *The Family Reunion*, which has now been both broadcast and televised, proves itself, to my mind, more effective in the "blind theatre" than on the screen. The elusive action is more acceptable when it is figured in one's own imagination than when it is implausibly conducted before one's very eyes. And the dialogue, again, which suddenly leaps from the colloquial to the symbolic, loses some of its sug-

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gestive potency when we watch it emerging from the mouths of physical actors. *The Family Reunion* comes best to life when it is read aloud in the theatre under one's hat. Chekhov, on the other hand, has never been more than half realised by sound-broadcasting. So many of the poignant moments and situations of his drama are revealed (or reinforced) by gesture, silence, by-play or outright ballet—and the television production of *The Seagull* demonstrated the power of Chekhov's secondary armament as no sound-broadcast ever could.

On a lower level we were afforded a similar comparison in the broadcast and televised versions, within a few days of each other, of Pamela Hansford Johnson's *Corinth House.* Gladys Young played the most crucial role in both productions, although the rest of the teams were different, and her virtuosity proved an impediment to any comparative judgment. She has made her name by her unique power of vocal impersonation, yet she now proves, in television, to possess equally impressive attributes, especially in close-up, of visual acting. For all that, the play as a whole affected me far more deeply when I heard it than when I saw it. Trust the camera to pick up and magnify some little *bêtise* of situation which may go unregarded in sound. The mind, perhaps, is more fastidious than the eye; it "sees" the playwright's intention rather than his structural makeshifts and subterfuges, and because television deals more literally than sound-broadcasting with the emotions and entries and scenery of a play, *Corinth House* seemed more threadbare on the screen than on the air.

The theme of Zola's *Thérèse Raquin* is a "natural" for television. When it was attempted some time ago, in sound broadcasting, the dreadful intensity of its latter end was sadly reduced in voltage. But, on the screen, superbly played by Nancy Price and Sonia Dresdel, it became the harrowing Grand Guignol of Zola's intention. This was a terrific production, marred by some perfunctory acting in certain minor parts and by one man's inability to distinguish between the acute accent and the grave in the word *Thérèse.* Another television "natural" was the delicious *Lady Precious Stream,* so amenable to those conventions of stage-craft which Alexandra Palace shares, perforce, with the rudimentary theatre of Ancient China.

If I were asked to name the most impressive programme of the month I should choose the latest instalment in that splendid scientific series *Matters of Life and Death.* It was an item which demonstrated modern surgical practice on the basis of a case of appendicitis, and it achieved its object with absolute dignity and fascination. The narrator—Sir Heneage Ogilvie—was word-perfect in his part, and the whole posse of doctors, anæsthetists and nurses handled their scenes and their lines as coolly as they manipulated their swabs and scalpels. I should commend, too, that other agreeable series called *Made by Hand* in which, the other night, the venerable art of violin-making was explained in workmanlike language and well-presented bench-side pictures.

W. E. Williams

"The Way Things Go," at the Phoenix

Mr. Frederick Lonsdale's new comedy is his old comedy brought up to date. It is set, as it should be, in the Dukeries. The Dukes are, as they should be, "broke." The New World comes in all ready to redress the balance of the old, but instead of scheming to clinch matters, as twenty years ago they would have done (and the older generation in the person of Mr. Ronald Squire still do), the young generation are too proud to take. Perfect casting, the lightest of touches in the acting and expert tailoring from author and producer float this flimsy creation into the air and keep it balanced there all the evening. The little family group are kept amusingly in centre by the pompous young Duke of Mr. Peter Macdonell, the dazzling revival of an old role—the withered Uncle—by Mr. Squire, and the beautiful timing of Mr. Kenneth More as a raffish younger brother. But it is Miss Glynis Johns who finally makes the trifle last. The good lines go all to the family, and she is left with a dangerous central part that might in other hands be horribly commonised. She sails through it with a superbly cool aplomb and address, and somehow makes her animal greed positively captivating. Mr. Michael Gough plays opposite her with charm and skill.

T. C. W.

Correspondence

THE ELECTION

Sir,—Following on the letters in your last issue, I have attempted to apply logic to the situation. The result, which I set out together with the reasoning on which it is based, is as surprising as the process is unusual. I should be glad to be told where it is wrong.

1. Everybody says that there will or must be another election within six months. To what end? Presumably, in order to achieve a different (and decisive?) result. But why should it? Commentators insist that a feature of the last election was the *stability* of political opinion. Few changed their allegiance; traditional Tory seats went Tory, Labour seats went Labour. The division that runs through the nation is, it appears, not only equal but stable. Why, then, should it change within six months, change at any rate sufficiently to provide either way a clear majority?

2. "Ah but," it may be said, "there are the Liberals. There will be far fewer Liberal candidates next time; no party can afford to lose so many deposits twice over." Very likely. Assume, then, a hundred Liberal candidates instead of four hundred. What evidence is there to show that the Liberal vote, set free from allegiance to its chosen Party, will be cast in sufficient numbers in one direction or the other to make any decisive difference? None. The evidence of the Gallup Poll, for what it is worth, shows that in the event of there being no Liberal candidate 42 per cent. of Liberals would vote Tory and 22 per cent. Labour, while the rest would abstain. These figures give no ground for assuming that liberated Liberal voters will decisively alter the balance between the other two parties.

3. What is the bearing of the foregoing on Labour policy now? There are two alternatives:

(a) A hard policy, which means in effect pressing on with Socialist measures in general and nationalisation in particular, and courting defeat in the House, followed by resignation and an election (election (2)). It is reasonably certain that in such circumstances Labour would poll no more votes, since it seems highly unlikely that there are any more votes to be mopped up from the further Left, with the exception of what might be called Prittite and Platt-Millsite votes which would not be enough to make any substantial difference. There is, in fact, no area of untouched Labour voting power on the further Left, unless we include the Communists. But it may well be doubted whether *any* measures would induce them to vote for the present Government, and once again they are not sufficient in number to make any substantial difference. Election (2) fought on such a policy would probably end in a Labour defeat and the Tories with, presumably, a small majority would take office. Result, strikes and deepening economic mess and muddle with, perhaps, growing unemployment. Meanwhile a vigorous Labour opposition, exploiting the "Now you know what it is like to have a Tory Government" theme, advocates more Socialism as the only remedy. In no long time, another election (election (3)) returns Labour with a clear majority and a mandate to go ahead with Socialism.

There are two comments. First, the course proposed is tortuous and precarious and subject to too many hazards; in fact it is too clever by half. It takes no account of the overriding issues of foreign policy or the country's economic situation.

(b) What may be called a soft policy, involving no more Socialism in general and no more nationalisation in particular. Would this produce any more votes at the next election? It might well attract a larger proportion of the liberated Liberals. For how would it differ from the Liberal policy as stated by Lord Beveridge? How, indeed, from Butlerite Toryism? From Beveridge Liberalism not at all, although it might well differ from Butlerite Toryism on the measures considered necessary for maintaining full employment. But granted no further instalments of nationalisation, an agreement might well be reached on this.

4. (i) Since a soft Labour home policy would depart so little from Butlerite Toryism and from Liberalism;

(ii) having regard to the overriding issues of foreign policy and atomic energy control in respect of which there is no difference between the three Parties and in the light of

(iii) the country's precarious economic position, do not the considerations adduced in 3(b) combined with the conclusions of 1 and 2, suggest a coalition? I think that they do, but the conclusion, it is obvious, is logical and not political. The exigencies of politics may in the end conform to the dictates of logic. But it is obvious that they won't do so for a long time yet.

Hampstead. C. E. M. Joad

Sir,—In your issue of March 4, Critic states that "the press was disappointed that he (Aneurin Bevan) did not vilify the middle classes during his (election) tour." Is he by any chance overlooking Mr. Bevan's statement that (I quote from memory) "the middle-class housewife complains of the lack of servants, not because she needs help, but because she wants someone to order about"? There may be a better way of vilifying the middle classes, but it would be hard to find. I see no reason for the press being disappointed in Mr. Bevan. He has run true to form in maintaining a deliberately spiteful attitude to the middle classes. If he has not automatically lost the votes of the many trained professional women who have had to give up their careers through being unable to get help in the house it is certainly not for want of trying. Nor will his remarks fall gratefully on the ears of their dish-washing, boiler-stoking husbands, who are willing enough to do a housemaid's job, but don't expect to be insulted into the bargain.

Isn't it time that Mr. Bevan came to accept, without bitterness, the fact that some people had a more comfortable start in life than he did?

I must also take issue with Critic for his patronising remark: "In some cases they (people) even vote

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Liberal because they are Liberals, not because they are "anti" anything." Surely if there is one solid fact which stands out from this election it is that the people who voted Liberal did so entirely because they believed in Liberalism. On your front page you, Sir, admit that "the country split on class lines to an unprecedented degree. Both sides were clearly prompted by fear." The Liberal voter was, in fact, the only one who had the courage to disregard fear when casting his vote. He voted "pro" a policy and a tradition, and not "anti" any one class like the other two parties. The small Liberal vote simply points a finger at the pusillanimous state of the country at this time. LESLIE BARKER

Brook Farm, Blissford, Fordingbridge.

SIR,—Has it occurred to the writer of "Winning the Next Election," that the pattern of the last may be the pattern of humanity at large? The world is divided into two irreconcilable factions. So, perhaps, is Britain. A politician has said that British parliamentary government would be impossible without fundamental agreement between the two main parties. That agreement (on the sanctity of property) has since vanished. The next election is likely to show whether or not he was correct.

Your writer has the modern superstitious belief in political education. Political education can make men into Communists or Fascists, given the right circumstances; it can show its pupils how to get power and use it; it can never show two hostile parties how to combine for the common good.

An individual, when the division of his mind between two opposing aims seems final, is apt to solve his problem by suicide. Is this election another pointer to the same solution for the human race?

JOHN ARMSTRONG

Lamorna near Penzance.

SIR,—Nearly every Conservative writer or speaker before the recent election mentioned, as in passing, that nationalisation has of course been proved a failure; but as far as I know no Labour politician really tried to refute this statement or produce facts and figures to show that the opposite is true. Most of them simply avoided the issue. The result was that the average voter came to believe that Labour was tacitly admitting that nationalisation up to date *had* been a failure.

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All those of my friends who voted Labour in 1945 but voted Tory this time told me that they were changing sides—not because of rationing, or housing, or taxation—but because: "All this nationalisation business has been proved a failure and yet they still want to go on with it!"

If Labour is to have any chance of recapturing these voters it must convince them that nationalisation has not been a failure. There has in fact been a steady, if not spectacular, improvement in conditions of work, output, and efficiency in most of the nationalised industries, and this fact should be placed before the electorate. Labour speakers should make it the chief point in their campaigns.

No other issue was so important in influencing votes in the last election, and none will be so important in the next. JOHN SEYMOUR

4 Underhill Road, S.E.22.

CATHOLIC SCHOOLS

SIR,—The article in your issue for February 18, on "The Catholics and Their Schools" leaves out of account the foundation on which the argument for denominational education rests. In accordance with nature and with the law of this country, parents have the first right to decide the education of their children. It is the mark of totalitarianism if this right is challenged or claimed by the State. The Education Acts properly require children to be suitably educated from the ages of five to fifteen. For the children of those parents who are content with the County or Controlled Schools, this education is provided entirely out of public funds. But other parents have not equality in law since, in addition to their rates and taxes, they must pay large sums for their Church Schools in order to perform their statutory obligations in a way which satisfies their consciences.

These parents have reason to regard the confirmation of their rights in the Education Act, 1944, and the United Nations' Declaration of Human Rights as barren if, because of financial pressure, they cannot be exercised. You have fairly conceded that the working of this Act has meant great hardship to the Catholic Authorities and that it creates very great problems about the future of Voluntary Schools. The Catholic body feel strongly that they are claiming not a privilege or a luxury, but that, in justice, parental rights should be effective and outside the sphere of political controversy. They have no desire to infringe the rights or consciences of others.

It is said that the Cowper-Temple clause of the 1870 Act stands immovably in the way of the granting of such a claim. But so many exceptions have already been made to the principle of that clause that no logical case can be made for its retention. It has the appearance of neutrality, but in fact works in favour of those who do not require a denominational education for their children.

You seem to accuse the Catholic Hierarchy of tearing up the 1944 agreement, as if they were a party to it. But it has not been shown when and where they agreed to the financial provisions of the present Acts; and Mr. D. R. Hardman, the Parliamentary Secretary to the Ministry of Education, has expressed the opinion that the Catholic body were justified in asking for a revision, but added that any amendment must be made with the consent of all the denominational interests concerned.

Finally, you object that the country could not afford the financial burden that would result from an acceptance of the Hierarchy's proposals. But this burden of £50,000,000 or, according to you, £120,000,000, is precisely what the Catholics, most of whom are of the poorer sections of the community, are expected to bear. They can afford it even less than the State. Moreover, it is often forgotten how much public funds have been, and are being, saved by the devotion and sacrifice of those who support the denominational schools. If all those schools were to become Controlled or County Schools, the whole cost of them would inevitably fall upon public funds.

It can, therefore, be reasonably argued that this immense penalty is imposed merely because parents wish to exercise their proper rights in accordance with their consciences. A democratic country should heed the advice of the late Sir Michael Sadler, and should not regard denominational education as "something unhealthy which merits a fine."

Catholic Education Council, R. A. G. O'BRIEN,
15 Bolton Street, *Secretary*
W.1.

THE PLAY OF IDEAS

SIR,—Mr. Terrence Rattigan seems, in his article on the play of ideas, to be inventing bogies for the fun of demolishing them. For I know of nobody least of all Mr. Shaw, who has suggested that the theatre should concern itself with "ideas *per se*" to the exclusion of people, since the very nature of the drama makes such a thing quite impossible.

His main error, I suggest, is that he too facilely disjoins "things" and "people." For, to-day, ideas social, political and moral are so intimately bound up in the lives of people that the dramatist who would attempt to draw them apart would create not living beings but lifeless and shallow dummies. And Ibsen, surely, is the case in point: for he was profoundly concerned with the ideas that Mr. Rattigan doesn't think have a very important place in the theatre; he was also very deeply concerned with human beings. The two elements cannot be drawn apart, and it is surely their superb blending which make the plays of Ibsen the masterpieces that many of them undoubtedly are. If Ibsen shared Mr. Rattigan's views on ideas in the theatre, his plays would nowadays occupy the same place that those of M. Sardou occupy!

In his thrusts at Shaw's attitude to the theatre, Mr. Rattigan seems to forget that the theatre in the 'nineties against which Shaw was vituperating was so lifeless and stuffy that the play of ideas was the only possible life-giving injection that could be administered. Let him try to revive on the current stage some of the routine offerings of the theatre of the 'nineties, and he will see that their concern with "people" has not really given them immortality at all. Certainly Shaw dealt harshly with Shakespeare and would have done so with Tchekov; but Shaw was, at that time, above all things a propagandist for the New Drama, and as always in propaganda there is some difficulty with the borderline case, the case that doesn't fit quite comfortably into our theory. But unlike most propagandists, Shaw had, when the battle was over, the honesty to admit his tactics, and in 1931, in a note to *Our Theatres in the '90s*, he made ample apology for his treatment of Shakespeare and others.

Mr. Rattigan makes free with the phrase *avant garde*—much too free, since what most of us understand by that phrase can by no means be called Shavian or Ibsenite. In the 1920s and early '30s, the people who gave themselves that name often did precisely what Mr. Rattigan protests about, and wrote about "ideas *per se*," represented on the stage, so one gathers, by flat, medieval "humours." Their effect, naturally, has been comparatively unimportant.

Clearly, then, Mr. Rattigan's arbitrary separation of "people" and "things" is quite fallacious at this time. The vital and living drama must still spring from a concern with people and ideas together—though no one is asking for plays modelled on Ibsen, nor about the National Health Service.

10a Sudbrooke Road, GERALD LEWIS
London, S.W.12.

"THE LEOPARD"

SIR,—My press-cutting agency have just sent me your review (February 18) of my play *The Leopard* at the Bedford Theatre. While greatly appreciating the space you give my work, I am slightly dismayed to find my name given as Dorothy Hale. My name is Dorothy Lang and appeared so on the programme. With all respect to the highly gifted Hale family, I happen to belong to the Lang family (Andrew Lang was my father's first cousin) and I think I would really rather remain there! DOROTHY LANG

Ayres End, Kersey, Suffolk.

[Calligraphy, like speech, sometimes conceals thought. Our apologies are due to Miss Lang.—ED., *N.S. & N.*]

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Books in General

All history is contemporary history: even the Dark Ages are not now as remote as once they seemed. An imperial civilisation, as mature as our own, by a seeming organic mortality declined and crumbled; a vast commerce dwindled and the world it had united dissolved; wealth and culture evaporated from Europe, and instead there arose, based on barbarous tribes, a new ideological power, unimaginable hitherto. How did it happen? In the serenity of the last two centuries such a problem seemed remote and inconceivable, and philosophers easily dismissed it by effortless generalities. They referred it to the inevitable effects of climate, happily beyond the control of man; or to some inherent principle of superannuation in bodies politic; or to barbarian invasions, formerly repelled, then mysteriously successful. To us, who face more closely the reality, such explanations are unsatisfactory. Faced by a similar prospect, we ask for practical answers to the questions: What were the Dark Ages? How did they occur? How were they surmounted?

Our civilisation is an urban civilisation and we can most easily understand other urban civilisations. The city states of Greece, the urban kingdoms of the Hellenistic world, the imperial city of Rome, all seem nearer to us than the centuries between us and them—which, in Europe, were rural centuries. Only Byzantium, "the City" *par excellence*, had no Dark or Middle Ages; but that vast metropolis, custodian and continuator of ancient culture, could no more effectively control the destinies of Europe than the great coastal cities of China can to-day govern the vast rural areas behind them. From the infinite steppes of Asia, from the forests of the North, successive invaders swept past that powerless capital whose statesmen could only play one against the other with despairing diplomacy. Germans and Slavs, Northmen and Mongols, Avars and Patzinaks—the impact of their coming was met not there but in the rural west: the Mongols settled deep in Hungary and were converted from Rome; the Avars were destroyed not at the gates of Byzantium but in Central Europe, by Charlemagne—that great organiser whose stature dominates the dry and stunted rump of parochial Europe.

The Dark Ages are still very dark, but there are shafts of evidence to illuminate them, and some of the greatest historians of our time—Henri Pirenne, Marc Bloch—have answered the challenge of their interpretation. The ruralisation of Europe was not caused by the barbarian invasions: already, under the Roman Empire, it had begun. Rome itself, by the fifth century, had long been a provincial town; the economy of the empire had already become decentralised in great rural estates; and even after the official dissolution of the Western Empire, the German princes, revealing themselves through the shreds of a dissolving suzerainty, continued to rule over their portions as Romanised kings—only to face, in their turn, the same mysterious problem of decay.

European culture was not being overborne in the fifth century, nor disintegrating; it was drying up: the stream of world commerce which, under the Empire, had temporarily fertilised that barren peninsula, was perishing.

Pirenne, in the course of a famous thesis, has marked the stages of evaporation: the disappearance from Europe of Eastern products—of gold and papyrus, spices and Oriental cloths—and of the "Syrian" merchants who had carried them. What was the cause of this change? Was it, as Pirenne suggested, the Moslem conquests in Asia and Africa which "bottled up" the economy of Europe, cutting it away from the old sources of its vitality? That theory is now hard to defend. Rather, it seems, it was a drainage of gold that reduced Europe to its natural dimensions in the world, as a drainage of dollars may now reduce it again. The Romans, a poor but warlike tribe, had conquered the gold and thereby the trade of the world, and drawn it westwards; now, by a "perpetual haemorrhage" it had run back to the East, there to be immobilised in the palaces and Temples of the Persian Empire. There was no more purchasing power in Europe, nor the military power to recover it. When another poor and warlike tribe issued from Arabia to conquer the cities and liberate the gold and trade of the world, the great age of Islam began; but the great age of Europe, that derelict continent, seemed to have passed for ever.

In fact, it had not. Gradually, after centuries, the poor and warlike tribes of Europe again asserted themselves. Towns began to revive, nourished by a new Eastern commerce: first Venice and Amalfi, Bari and Salerno, linked to the great Eastern commerce of Byzantium; then, as the rich Moslem world drew more and more upon European slaves and furs, arms and timber, and purchasing power returned, city life spread northwards. Finally the tables were completely turned. Europe was able once again to enslave the currency and commerce of the world; to stay, as Rome had stayed, that fatal haemorrhage: by different means indeed—by wider conquests, new techniques, new industries; and yet perhaps no more permanently.

How was it possible for Europe, once so decayed and dissolved, to rise again? What were the institutions, the secret power, which enabled it to bridge the dark centuries? Mr. Christopher Dawson, in his Gifford Lectures*, offers an explanation. It was the Church that did it, he says, the medieval Catholic Church, whose rise he traces from the fall of Rome till the recovery of Europe. How well, how clearly he describes it! How rich and various is his scholarship, how happily presented! It is a stimulating experience to read these dozen chapters, covering almost as many centuries, full of learning, and yet clarifying, not compressing, that crowded history of vast migrations, obscure events, and fragmentary evidence. Faced by the mysterious problem of decay, how narrow was the basis of the newly-established Church! "There were only eighteen years between Theodosius' closing the temples and the first sack of the Eternal City by the barbarians. The great age of the Western Fathers from Ambrose to Augustine was crammed into a single generation, and St. Augustine died with the Vandals at the gate." Nevertheless, in that brief period, the Western foundations were firmly laid; doctrine, discipline and propaganda were developed and extended; Rome, sacked and deserted, revived as a centre of priestly power-politics; missionaries brought the furious tribes of the North and East into dependence upon it; and monasteries, not towns, like islands of culture in the ocean of barbarism, became "the spiritual and economic centres of a purely rural society." Nobody can like the Church in those days. It was intolerant and obscurantist, and did not improve with time. St. Augustine read the classics—like Marx, the Founding Father was himself a humanist: the old bigot could weep over Dido, and puritanism struggled in his soul with light. His contemporary St. Jerome with difficulty overcame his taste for Cicero. St. Gregory, the Stalin of the early Church, banned all such profane learning as offensive and abominable, St. Augustine organised the rabble in Africa, reducing doctrine to rhythmical slogans wherewith to drown the voice of opposition. St. Cyril organised a blackshirt claque to applaud his oratory in Alexandria. Truly they were no saints, those terrible old ideologues; past whose history Mr. Dawson so discreetly slides; and what was the solemn liturgy which he so extols but a narcotic formulary? And yet these men did their work as perhaps no others could have done in those barbarian centuries, and left it so firm and solid that when commerce returned to Europe and urban civilisation revived, it did not perish. As a great power in its own right, it could make terms with the new age, reform and adjust itself to cope with new needs or profit from new opportunities. New politics, new machinery, new orders preserved its vitality; it fostered the crusades which re-directed the commerce of the East; it colonised the towns and made them its allies against a less versatile institution, it colonised the new universities, sending out in each generation new missionaries of up-to-date learning; it participated in new economic ventures and became one of the great financial institutions of the world. Only when its own capacity for self-reform was spent, in the thirteenth century, did it enter into that long decline which led, at the Reformation, to its permanent division.

What are we to deduce from this? That Christianity alone is a formative religion, alone can change the world; that other religious are static and conservative, it alone dynamic? This is Mr. Dawson's conclusion. It seems inconceivable that he should draw it, that so learned a scholar should appear, in this one respect, so parochial. To point the contrast he reminds us of the "immobile" religions of China and India; but what of Islam? In the very centuries in which he dwells upon the barbarians of Europe, the followers of Mahomet were sweeping over three continents, pressing upon Paris, in the West, and in the East, twenty-six years later, storming the city of Canton. Is it then not Christianity only, but religion in general, that moves these mountains, that is, as Mr. Dawson says, "the dynamic element in civilisation"? What of the Roman Empire, that colossal achievement of cynical greed and political skill? Religion may have been the dynamic of European civilisation in the Dark Ages, but what of the eighteenth century? Even when he reaches the twelfth century Mr. Dawson begins to find himself in difficulties, and his argument that even humanism, even the paganism of the Renaissance, was fundamentally Christian requires, to be significant, a special use of words. And yet, within the centuries of which he writes, it is hard to dispute his conclusion. It is difficult to conceive—indeed to me impossible to conceive—of the re-creation of Europe in the Dark Ages without the Church: without that doctrine whose unheroic content could yet subdue barbarian kings; without that institution whose versatile power-politics could use and exploit in turn Franks, Slavs and Normans; without those wandering missionaries who lit their temporary candles in Bulgaria, on the coast of Northumberland, and by the Arctic Sea. The history of the Church gives both unity and quality to the centuries when commerce and city life seemed to have left Europe for ever; without it, they seem meaningless.

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* *Religion and the Rise of Western Culture.* By Christopher Dawson. *Sheed & Ward.* 15s.

So too, no doubt, our new ideologues view our present state, and their liberal fellow-travellers console themselves with an ultimate respectability. Doctrine—unintelligible, reversible, but indubitable—inexorable discipline; insistent propaganda; missionaries and local cells; the cult of saints; a mind-drowning liturgy—all the old machinery has become familiar again. Culture can always wait a few centuries, Hitler wrote in *Mein Kampf* . . The parallel could no doubt be extended infinitely. It is more profitable to remember the differences. Christianity, even in its most barbarous period, at least never forgot the dignity of the human soul. Besides, it is worth remembering that Christianity did not save the civilisation of the ancient world: it was not a solution but a substitute: the Dark Ages came first. If Western civilisation is to be saved from darkness now, it can only be by Western methods: ideologies are only applicable when night has already fallen. That, no doubt, is why Hitler and Goebbels preached a gospel of destruction, and Stalin hungrily scans the future for unemployment, misery and slumps.

H. R. TREVOR-ROPER

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PROBLEM AND TRAGEDY

Shakespeare's Problem Plays. By E. M. W. TILLYARD. *Chatto & Windus.* 8s. 6d.

Shakespeare's plays, like guests at a party, tend to form groups which, if a general liveliness is to be maintained, require occasionally to be broken up and re-assorted. It is nearly fifty years since A. C. Bradley collected *Hamlet, King Lear, Macbeth* and *Othello* together in the centre of the room, and there they have remained ever since. But now Dr. Tillyard, with a skilled eye for a stimulating re-shuffle, has attached *Hamlet* to another old-established group, that constituted by *Troilus and Cressida, All's Well that Ends Well* and *Measure for Measure*. We are no longer to regard *Hamlet* as in the full sense a tragedy. It has become a problem play.

That *Hamlet* does stand a little apart from *King Lear, Macbeth* and *Othello* must be the impression of many readers, and Dr. Tillyard attempts an explanation. Three elements, he says, must necessarily be present in tragedy. The first is suffering, when that suffering befalls a strong nature, apt to react powerfully against calamity. The second is sacrificial purgation. The third is the occurrence of some change in the mind of the hero; an enlightenment corresponding, it is implied, to the magical regeneration with which primitive drama was chiefly concerned. Dr. Tillyard finds that *Hamlet* has an adequate tragic hero. He finds too that the play has the necessary sacrificial quality. But he denies that there is that sort of change in the mind of the protagonist which takes place in Oedipus or Lear or Samson. Hamlet has always been a pious young man, and his final state is that of quietism rather than of religious enlightenment. Consider the speech beginning "Not a whit. We defy augury. There's a special providence in the fall of a sparrow . . ." This is not, as both Mr. Middleton Murry and Mr. C. S. Lewis have taken it to be, an intimation of the hero's having achieved a new vision. On the contrary, Hamlet's tone is merely "elegantly conventional." And the point is crucial. There is no regeneration in the hero. And so *Hamlet* is defective as a tragedy.

It is evident that Dr. Tillyard's three tests are not on a common plane. That the tragic hero must have a large nature and the will to challenge fate has long been an accepted observation. It explains why medieval stories of calamity are seldom tragic; why the fates of Desdemona and Ophelia could never in themselves be more than pathetic; why *Tess of the D'Urbervilles* is a more deeply moving novel than *Jude the Obscure*. But the two further criteria are anthropology's comparatively recent gift to criticism. When we deal with them we deal with elements which, although perhaps still operative in our emotional response to tragedy, were already eluding the inspection of the intellect when Aristotle wrote the *Poetics*. And whether Hamlet does or does not preserve all the ritual elements required by Dr. Tillyard is scarcely to be settled by a specific piece of rhetorical analysis. Nor is that analysis convincing in itself, since Hamlet's strangely fey speech to Horatio could surely be delivered in an "elegantly conventional" fashion only in a very mannered production of the play. And if to reject the argument here is to leave unaccounted for the fact that *Hamlet* is indeed different from the other major tragedies, we may perhaps find an explanation not in its lacking one of the essential ingredients of tragedy but in its altogether exceptional abundance of poetic and imaginative life. It is a true tragedy, but one almost dangerously rich in tragedy's pleasurable accessories.

Of this dominant fact of the God's plenty in *Hamlet* Dr. Tillyard is abundantly aware, and he uses that awareness in going on to relate the play to the commonly accepted group of problem comedies. In all these plays an interest in speculative thought, and also in observing and recording the details of human nature, is pursued for its own sake, and beyond the bounds of dramatic necessity. This richness of treatment creates a peculiar sense of real life, but "prevents the sharp clarity of intention we are apt to demand of very great art." Yet, while having this in common, the four plays can be described as of one kind only by exploiting a certain ambiguity in the use of the word *problem*. "*Hamlet* and *Troilus and Cressida* are problem plays because they deal with and display interesting problems; *All's Well* and *Measure for Measure* because they *are* problems." It is in terms of this proposition that Dr. Tillyard proceeds to discuss each play in turn. He is nowhere more interesting than when dealing with the most problematical of the lot.

The intention and merits of *Measure for Measure* have been abundantly debated, and a curious diversity of judgments seems possible. With R. W. Chambers one may find that there is nothing wrong with it; that it is a treatment, as successful as it is profoundly serious, of perennially significant spiritual issues. Or with W. W. Lawrence one may admit the play to be indeed disquieting and baffling to the modern mind, but lucid if we allow for ways of thinking and feeling now obsolete. Or with Dover Wilson one may conjecture that processes of abridgement and expansion by a hand other than Shakespeare's are responsible for unsatisfactory elements in the play as it has come down to us. Dr. Tillyard adopts none of these views. He believes that Shakespeare, writing perhaps in a period of fatigue, let the play break in the middle when faced by difficulty. The earlier part is "frankly, acutely human"; and here, by deserting his source and making Isabella resist Angelo's proposal, Shakespeare achieved high and moving realism. But he also found himself in an impasse, since to make Isabella absolute was to sacrifice any continued dramatic flexibility in his principal character. On the level at which he had hitherto been working, therefore, Shakespeare threw in his hand, relaxing the poetical tension of the piece and falling back upon an abstract form of drama wholly out of key with the opening. Dr. Tillyard's thesis here is undoubtedly more persuasive than a summary treatment suggests. Many readers will find it consonant with their experience of the play.

J. I. M. STEWART

NEW NOVELS

Knight with Armour. ALFRED DUGGAN. *Faber.* 12s. 6d.

One Omen. C. M. WOODHOUSE. *Hutchinson.* 9s. 6d.

Abide With Me. CEDRIC BELFRAGE. *Secker & Warburg.* 10s. 6d.

Dear Life. H. E. BATES. *Michael Joseph.* 7s. 6d.

Being naturally resistant to historical novels, I stared gloomily at a dust-jacket decorated with a mail-clad figure on a prancing steed. The blurb confirmed my fears. *Knight with Armour* by Alfred Duggan was going to be all about the First Crusade. Though assured that "the battles are exciting and authentic" and that "the author is an experienced horseman who has studied the armour of the period" my appetite remained unwhetted. I started to read as a penitential duty. By the second page I was deeply absorbed. By the last, it was such a wrench to leave the eleventh century and the pilgrim knight Roger de Bodeham that only the necessity of having to write something about the book prevented me from reading it all over again.

Knight with Armour is such an astonishing feat of literal imagination that I can compare it to nothing but *Robinson Crusoe*. Mr. Duggan has Defoe's trick of making the reader identify himself so completely with the admirably ordinary Messer Roger that it becomes an urgent personal anxiety to know whether one will be able to manage one's horse properly in the charge or find someone to unarm one so that one can get a wash after four days in heavy mail under the Syrian sun. Even more remarkable is the book's extraordinary air of authenticity; it reads as freshly and vividly as Joinville. No amount of "studying the armour of the period" accounts for the perfect ease and naturalness with which the author inhabits not only the equipment but the

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JONATHAN CAPE

mentality of his honourable but none too efficient knight. Mr. Duggan neither romanticises nor debunks the age of chivalry; he gives the impression of having slipped through a crack in time and to be actually living in it. He conveys not merely every conceivable discomfort as well as advantage of wearing armour—so that one is dazed by the headache caused by one's ill-padded hauberk while being extremely glad of its protection—but he also conveys the mixed blessings of having to order one's daily life by the chivalric code. One shares all the practical worries of the penniless, landless knight; ill-trained for fighting and a duffer at "courteous love"; torn between the fulfilment of his vow and the demands of his ambitious wife to transfer his allegiance to some wealthier lord, procure himself a castle and settle down to respectable plundering instead of proceeding to Jerusalem. Nor is it only his worries one shares but a whole new set of scruples, sensibilities and limitations. One becomes accustomed to knowing the alphabet but being unable to write a letter; to owing allegiance not to a country but to a chosen leader; to losing one's social status with one's horse; to being entirely dependent on plunder for clothes and money.

I passed from Palestine in 1099 to the Greek mountains in 1942 with hardly any shock. C. M. Woodhouse's Greek peasants and shepherds of *One Omen* would have been perfectly at home in the eleventh century. *One Omen* is not strictly a novel but a dozen episodes based on personal experience of working with the Greek Resistance. These neatly worked-up sketches are obviously written by a man with deep affection for Greece. At first bewildered, even exasperated by the Greek mentality to which time and space are the vaguest entities, he comes, after his long enforced isolation among the mountain people, to respect and almost to share it. The book reminded me strongly of *Les Silences du Colonel Bramble;* indeed it might have been called "The Conversations of Barba Stavro." Barba Stavro, the old Greek who works with the two stranded parachutists shows all the signs of a Homeric character; intense local patriotism, hospitality to the stranger, profound mistrust of other Greeks even if they only come from the next village and delight in argument and story-telling. We recognise not only the Odyssean guile but the age-old sense of inevitable fate. Each episode is good of its kind yet no urgency impels the reader from one to the next. Indeed, after the sharpness of *Knight with Armour*, the "eyewitness" book seems oddly muffled. But in one chapter near the end "Also Serving," the author suddenly heightens the tension and produces something really memorable. It is simply the description of three men, American, English and Greek, hidden in a cave, with nothing to do but watch the empty sea all day for a submarine that never comes, and signal all night in turn with a torch—a signal which is never answered. The three, living at intolerably close quarters, with only snails and boiled acorns to eat suddenly emerge as three intensely real, yet symbolic figures. The irritable, controlled Englishman and the homesick, impatient American while away the daylight playing chess with olive stones and sheep droppings. The Greek, "used to waiting with nothing to wait for", is content to run his string of beads through his fingers. The strain, in which a mistimed joke or too long a silence might set the chess players at each other's throats is somehow made tolerable by the mere presence of Barba Stavro to whom the stopping of a watch, a catastrophe to the other two, means nothing at all.

Cedric Belfrage's *Abide with Me* plunges us straight into the crude and costly barbarism of the worst aspect of American "civilisation." No irreverent attitude towards time here, for time is money and the "transition" from time a sure-fire-profit-maker. A real live-wire undertaker—I mean mortician—does not have to wait for a corpse to begin raking in the dollars. You and I, provided we are Americans of a sufficiently high income group, are excellent prospects for an Easy-Payment Pre-Transition Plan. If anyone supposes Evelyn Waugh was exaggerating in *The Loved One* let him read *Abide with Me* . . . or, for that matter, any number of "Sunnyside" and "The Casket." *Abide with Me* is a queasy book; the author, besides honest indignation, indulges in a good deal of gloating and nudging, but as an exposure of the methods, economics and sales-practice of Big Business in Death, it is extremely interesting. The morticians are not entirely to blame. The immense and complex business, that includes not merely embalming ("every man a king") and elaborate sarcophagi, but clothes, cosmetics and every kind of freak "accessory" and "service" for the corpse, could not have grown up were there not a public willing to have its "sales resistance" broken down and a comforting, if costly barrier erected against its fears. Compared to Waugh's icy satire, *Abide with Me* is crude and coarse. Yet, perhaps for that very reason, it carries a horrid conviction. No one can possibly persuade themselves that this is fantasy.

I am afraid that H. E. Bates's short novel *Dear Life* leaves me completely cold. It is the story of a young girl who drifts into the company of a Canadian deserter and in a few days takes a dazed share in more than one murder and robbery. The physical descriptions are admirable, the various idioms carefully caught and the minor characters neatly sketched. I can suggest only two reasons for my total lack of response. One is that the whole thing seemed to me artificial and *voulu;* an exercise in "imaginative writing" rather than the product of a genuinely fired imagination. The other is that he endows the girl with an exquisite, strained sensibility that registers every *nuance* of sound and colour and obviously belongs to the author rather than to the character. The result is that Laura, the central figure, was for me the one completely unconvincing person in the book.

ANTONIA WHITE

PANIC REFURBISHED

Conservatism Revisited. The Revolt Against Revolt. By PETER VIERECK. *Lehmann.* 7s. 6d.

To judge by all accounts, panic has become the principal motive in American politics—panic at the hydrogen-bomb, panic at the advance of Communism, panic at the intolerable prospect of having to devise a policy. There could be no more curious evidence of this panic than Peter Viereck's little tract. Mr. Viereck is a young American historian of liberal background—author some years ago of an admirable book about the Romantic contribution to National Socialism, a much better book than the similar one by an English author. He was pro-British during the war, an outspoken enemy of the Nazis and of German imperialism; and his book is dedicated to the memory of his brother "killed by Nazis as an American volunteer in the never ending war for freedom." Mr. Viereck claims that he is still engaged in this fight. And where does he propose that we should find allies? In Metternich and Burke and all the advocates of conservatism and privilege. It is not surprising that his book should have won praise from the aristocratic amateurs who write history in England and who now discover that in defending Metternich and Talleyrand they were really on the side of freedom after all.

Of course there is something in the thesis. Conservatism is more stable than radicalism; and we should have a quieter life if people were content with things as they are. Metternich's enemies were violent and disruptive; and their triumph, as with German nationalism, was often the triumph of evil forces. A civilised man might justly prefer the company of Metternich to that of "gymnastic-father" Jahn, prototype of German national heroes. Any competent historian could turn out a defence of Metternich on these lines. Metternich prepared a further line of defence, which Mr. Viereck develops for him. Not content with preaching the virtues of stability, he posed as a reformer, though an ineffectual one. The defects of the Austrian Empire were the fault of the Emperor Francis, not of Metternich; and if the radicals had been less insistent and subversive, Metternich would

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have been readier to make concessions to them. This is the old conservative game. If the people are quiet, this is a proof that reforms are not needed; if they are violent, it follows that reforms are dangerous.

Mr. Viereck is not content to frighten us with the radicals of a century ago; they are merely a prelude to the crimes of present-day Bolshevism. And so we get again the Lysenko affair and the musical purges and the slave-labour camps, reinforced with the inflated statistics of Mr. Dallin. Mr. Viereck makes a contribution of his own: a demonstration that the Soviet Union is now anti-Semitic. This is a point which anti-Bolsheviks have been trying to make ever since they gave up the opposite thesis that the Bolshevik leaders were all Jews; it really does not matter which thesis you hold—either establishes the point that we ought to lose our heads and hide under Metternich's bed. Mr. Viereck is under no illusion about what he is doing. He is proposing that we should refurbish a job-lot collection of old junk and present it as civilised values. Metternich expressed the same outlook when he said that he was "a free and strict Catholic"; free, in that he did not believe a word of it —strict, in that he thought everyone else should do so. It was put more honestly by the Mills: "there is no God, but this is a family secret.' Alas, the secret is out of the family; and no hocus-pocus by Metternich and Burke and Mr. Viereck will put it back again. Mr. Viereck's argument is ingenious and would be acceptable in an undergraduate essay. As serious politics, it can be exploded by a single question. Did Metternich believe in freedom? Not freedom merely for himself and a few aristocratic friends; but freedom for all. No historian, professional or amateur, dare affirm that he did. Nor did Burke; nor do modern conservatives. They believe in the incantation of civilised values to keep the masses quiet; and if that does not work, they believe—as Metternich's career shows—in repression. Start by denouncing the French revolution, and you end with the Six Acts and the Spielberg. Contemporary experience in America reinforces this lesson.

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WILLIAMS AND NORGATE

No one who has radicalism in his blood, as well as in his head, can swallow this plausible appeal. The Vienna radicals of 1848 were, no doubt, the precursors of Hitler; and Garibaldi was an earlier version of Mussolini. All the same, the British working-classes were right who treated Garibaldi as the hero of freedom; and equally Palmerston was right when he criticised the system of Metternich. Radicalism can be perverted and abused; that is all the more reason to reassert its true values, not to accept conservatism and repression. The Communists often lump together all non-Communists as "reactionary"; Mr. Viereck has echoed the Communist line. That still does not make it the correct one. In the age of Bolshevism it is perhaps no longer true that there is no enemy on the Left; it remains true that there is no ally on the Right.

A. J. P. TAYLOR

DIALECT VERSE

The White Rose Garland: Yorkshire Dialect Verse and Local and Folk-lore Rhymes. Edited by W. J. HALLIDAY and ARTHUR STANLEY UMPLEBY. *Dent.* 16s.

For next year's Festival of Britain, the Arts Council is offering prizes for poems in English, Welsh, Gaelic *and Scots*, thus tacitly conferring the status of a language upon a group of Anglo-Danish dialects spoken in the outlying regions of Northumbria and Cambrian Strathclyde. Meanwhile, the dialects of the rest of the Island of Britain are ignored by all but a few postman poets, provincial journalists and retired schoolmasters. In particular, those of central Northumbria—richest and purest in Cleveland and the Holme Valley—are left to Mr. Umpleby and his friends of the Yorkshire Dialect Society, which has now been in existence these fifty years, and which a reputable London publisher has encouraged to celebrate the fact in stiff covers.

This volume of over three hundred large pages contains enough matter of general interest to fill a hundred. Those seventeenth-century dialogues, those versions of the Lyke-wake dirge appropriated by Sir Walter Scott, the best of the traditional rhymes and children's verses and even some of the eighteenth- and nineteenth-century lyrics, were worth reprinting and annotating. But, with the help of an exuberant display of amateur editorship, they have been so concealed among effusions which did well enough in the *Bradford Argus*, the *Huddersfield Examiner* and the *North Eastern Daily Gazette* that you may spend hours in tracking them down. Indeed, the editors have put in as a makeweight what appear to be the minutes of the last meeting, lamenting the demise of this or that past member of the Y.D.S., who had been with them forty years and, for all I know, was still present in the spirit.

So little has been written, and so much less is kept in print, of good verse in the two main dialects of Yorkshire, that some of us are bound to acquire and preserve this book. We shall do it with shame. It is easy to understand why none of the Yorkshire poets of to-day (we have read a full and highly nostalgic account of Herbert Read's childhood in the vale of York, and even Dr. Sitwell may have overheard the servants) has paid as much respect to his native tongue as, for instance, D. H. Lawrence did to the colliers' lingo on the Nottingham-Derbyshire border. The fact is probably to be laid at the door of the Y.D.S., which has propagated in all three Ridings a belief that poetry consists either in purring noisily to oneself over the supposed possession of two or three well-marked regional characteristics or in taking over the poetic clichés of standard English and systematically mis-spelling them. A writer of prose fiction would have to do better. The speech of Canny Yatton is not adequately rendered by putting "deean't" where a Saxon would say "don't" (or "daown't"), and a man from Holmfirth "dooan't." Nor is it only a matter of vocabulary. There are differences of rhythm and inflexion which are more difficult to represent in print, especially in verse. A sentimental interest in dialect may be most praiseworthy, but it does not constitute a literary discipline.

RAYNER HEPPENSTALL

PLEASURES REHEARSED

Second Innings. By NEVILLE CARDUS. *Collins.* 12*s.* 6*d.*

Second Innings, which the publishers describe as "more autobiography," is disappointing after *Autobiography*. Mr. Cardus's earlier book was one of the best things of its kind in recent years. It told an unusual success story which gratified one's pleasure in contrasts: the progress of the Manchester slum boy who educated himself—though "educated" is too solemn a word for what seems to have been sheer whole-hearted and single-minded indulgence, without ulterior motive, in reading, listening to music and watching plays and cricket—to become, after some years as cricket professional at a public school, one of the chief ornaments of the *Manchester Guardian* in the years between the wars. And what gave the book its particular distinction, apart from the fascination of the story, was the point of view that pervaded it, an overwhelmingly aesthetic approach to experience whether felt in the theatre, the concert hall, the cricket field or in day-to-day encounters in life. Compared with *Autobiography*, *Second Innings*, though the point of view that informs it is the same, must appear as a collection of gleanings made after the real rich harvest has been gathered in.

It consists of ten essays in reminiscence, leisurely, discursive, on such subjects as the author's first introductions to the delights of opera, the theatre and great fiction, his views on the drama and dramatic criticism and on various sports he has patronised in his time, his war-time sojourn in Australia, his impressions on returning to England. Typical of them all is the essay which begins with Mr. Cardus's describing his first visit to a Savile Row tailor and then passes, naturally enough, to a meditation on the clothes of his youth and so to a rendering of the atmosphere of the working-class Manchester of his childhood in terms of costume, ending: "There was romance in our back alleys and streets, coats of many colours." It is all very agreeable, and the skill with which it is done is unquestionable; and yet the main impression, as of most of the book, is of so much literary embroidery. One feels no very powerful compulsion behind the writing, no urgency in what the author has to tell us; and the feeling is strengthened by the nostalgia in which the book is drenched: Mr. Cardus writes like a centenarian *laudator temporis acti* celebrating a long-dead age when Manchester was a gas-lit paradise. And really it is all rather suspiciously easy:

> They have all passed away; the back-street vendors and itinerants; the knife-grinder, so thrilling to watch as he struck sparks from his swiftly-revolving round stone, worked by his right foot with a treadle; the Italian organ-grinder, bowing himself in two when a penny was thrown out of an upper window . . . And on top of the organ was a monkey, pathetically waiting, looking for something, and, not finding it, scratching himself. At twilight came the lamplighter . . .

They have all passed away from Manchester, maybe; but W.C.1. knows them still, lamplighter and all; and if there's no monkey on the organ perhaps the loss is more than made good by itinerants Mr. Cardus does not mention, the men who squat on pavements and mend your rush-bottomed chairs while you wait, and the street bands.

In *Autobiography* Mr. Cardus most satisfyingly recreated a world; what impressed were the sharpness and roundness of his memories, and his objectivity. In *Second Innings* he seems to have succumbed to the besetting sins of the literary essayist; he exploits his personality too con-

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sciously; and generally the exact is sacrificed to the easy. Of course there are many excellent things in the book; the discussion of opera singers and the old music hall and pantomime artists is admirable, while the descriptions of a professional Soccer match and of a visit to the races are first-rate. Yet: "Our pleasures need cellarage," he writes. "The grape is not the wine. I will not in this book bring out a new bottle." Perhaps it is just there that the fault lies, for this book suggests that he got down to the lees of the old one.

WALTER ALLEN

GUILTY BUT INSANE

The Show of Violence. By FREDRIC WERTHAM. *Gollancz.* 15s.

Dr. Fredric Wertham is an American psychiatrist whose work brings him into close contact with criminals, and in particular with murderers: (many readers will remember his fascinating *Dark Justice*, in which he traced a Hamlet pattern through the crime of a young slum matricide). His new book will bring into question once more the current legal and medical definitions of insanity. Right, wrong; sane and insane. Our conception of these terms is, for better or worse, undergoing a constant erosion. The Law, always a prime tory, fights for its present definitions to the last ditch, and the relations between psychiatry and the law are at present distinctly sticky. English judges commonly have a sharp tone for the psychiatrist who offers to "explain" sexual offenders from the witness box. And even in America, where psychiatry is so much more universally accepted as a technique, lawyers—to judge from Dr. Wertham's evidence—use it rather as if it were some new kind of bidding convention designed to complicate the initial stages of a game which after that is played out on the same old pattern.

The Show of Violence describes a number of murder cases in which psychiatry has been used to try to protect society from a potential murderer, and has failed to do so because the community is unable to accept its definitions. The most horrifying, the murderer of a little girl aged ten. The murderer he says:

> looked like a meek and innocuous little old man, gentle and benevolent, friendly and polite. If you wanted someone to entrust your children to, he would be the one you would choose. Many people who came into contact with him during the trial made that comment about him.

Yet this meek and innocuous little old man had for years been a seducer of children whose habit it was to castrate little boys and who actually ate the little girl he murdered. This man had been in the hands of the authorities at least eight times, for forgery, for sending obscene letters through the post, and mainly for impairment of the morals of minors. The authorities intermittently caught him, fined him, goaled him but, in between times, turned him loose for years on end although "his family, many neighbours, and many past employers, knew him to be constantly after children." It is almost certain that he murdered, in the course of that time, fifteen children. And in the case of the one murder for which he was caught and convicted, he was, after a prolonged struggle over the question of his sanity, found to be sane and sent to the electric chair.

Another case which Dr. Wertham sets out at length is the case of Robert Irwin, a young sculptor who committed an apparently motiveless murder of three friends. This man had been in mental hospitals for long periods on end, had come under Wertham himself, and been diagnosed by him as potentially dangerous. He had originally been committed to a mental hospital for attempted self-emasculation and when this was brought up as proof of his insanity, the doctors who had him under observation assured the court "that trying to cut off one's own penis does not indicate a mental disorder." He, too, was found sane and put to death.

These cases will doubtless be used as grapeshot in the continuing debate over capital punishment. And certainly the law sometimes sounds as if it thinks that it has won a victory when it proves a multiple murderer sane and hangs him. But, from the point of view of protecting society, once such a murderer is caught, his insanity or sanity is strictly irrelevant: Broadmoor terminates his activities as effectively as the hangman. What many people may wonder after reading this book is whether society cannot protect itself against such "sane" murders in advance. This is, in England anyway, a medical as much as a legal question. Clearly our knowledge of mental disorder has been greatly enlarged if not revolutionised in the last fifty years. And sooner or later the definition of insanity will have to come into line with it. But the medical profession is not, as a body, noticeably less conservative than the legal. It is doubtful whether there is yet a majority view in the medical profession on which satisfactory new definitions could be based. It is sentimental to under-estimate the difficulty. One of these case histories is of a gunman who, after shooting a bystander in a hold-up, deceived the authorities into believing him mad, and got himself committed to a mental hospital. After one year he succeeded in persuading the doctors there he was recovered, was released and resumed his trade. In the pursuit of it he bumped off several people and finally, after shooting a policeman, was himself shot by one. It is a nice question to decide whether more professional incompetence was displayed in committing him to an institution or in letting him out of one. But in the face of such evidence, caution by the law is not unnatural. But caution need not mean standing still: much less the backward progress that some people advocate.

RICHARD LISTER

DR. MITFORD'S DAUGHTER

Mary Russell Mitford. By VERA WATSON. *Evans.* 15s.

Calm, cheerful, wise, "a squat person, but with a benevolent and intelligent smile"—Crabb Robinson's description—Miss Mitford makes a frequent appearance on the 19th-century scene. Mrs. Sherwood sees her, a pert child of four, making the congregation laugh in church. Cobbett and the ageing Sheridan visit the house; Coleridge, too, wretchedly disguised as Trooper Silas Tomkyn Comberbacke; a Mitford servant is paid to take over his army service. (This is in 1794; Miss Mary is seven.) Landseer, half a century later—she lives until 1855—asks to paint her dog Dash. Macready and Kemble act in her plays; Haydon is her close friend for over thirty years. But who is not her friend? Wordsworth, Landor, young Kingsley, young Ruskin—and, of course, in the pre-Browning days, the interesting Miss Barrett, her dear E.B.B. Of these and other matters Miss Vera Watson, her latest chronicler, writes.

Fortunate in her friends Miss Mitford may have been: in her biographers she has been less lucky. Only in her own letters are the several Mitfords reconciled—the celebrity, the daughter, the over-worked literary journalist, the author of *Our Village*, whose humorous round countrywoman's face, suggesting her own favourite flower, the geranium, may be seen looking out of a page in this book. Miss Watson, though she is, it seems, careless and rather flat in manner, is at least not sugary or dishonest. At any rate, she does not slide round—an incredible feat, but it has been done—that business of Miss Mitford's disastrous father.

As a young man with a medical training (he had been a pupil of Hunter) and the spendthrift's irresponsible good humour, Dr. Mitford succeeded in marrying a Miss Russell—plain, kindly, some years older than himself, and an heiress. Thenceforward, he was able to devote his time to such matters as gambling, speculating, county politics, lavish entertaining and card-playing for high stakes, a serious occupation in Reading which was filled with anti-Revolutionary French refugees.

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WOLSEY HALL, OXFORD

He also bred cocker spaniels; one of these was Flush, later presented to Miss Barrett. When he had worked through his wife's fortune and a lottery prize of £20,000, whose number the ten-year-old Mary had selected, the task of supporting him in expensive idleness fell on his daughter. She did not criticise; born in the 18th century, and more accustomed to her father's friends than to young women, she had no horror of gaming. "My dear father," is the most we find her saying at some moment of crisis, "relying with a blessed sanguineness on my poor endeavours, has not, I believe, even enquired for a situation." He never did. We come across a description of the rosy old vampire, now seventy-six and still in the best of health, having his portrait painted. His affectionate daughter writes:

> Such a piece of colour, too! He (the painter, John Lucas) used all his carmine the first day, and was forced to go into Reading for a fresh supply. He says that my father's complexion is exactly like the sunny side of a peach . . .

She, at the time, was crippled with rheumatism, harassed, and working, as she said, "beyond her powers" to keep him in his fine state of preservation.

It was out of this necessity that her least characteristic writings, now museum pieces in the taste of a vanished age, were born. Yet all her work was well received, from the early poem, whose proofs were corrected by Coleridge, about the Bounty Mutiny—*Christina, the Maid of the South Seas*—to the highly successful tragedies, *Rienzi*, *Fiesco*, *Gaston de Blondeville* and the rest, a mélange of the Cardinals, Doges, and poisonings that the frigid fashion of the time demanded. Her one novel *Atherton*, which, with enormous reluctance, she let herself be harried into writing, had 400 copies in circulation at Mudie's alone.

The idea of these works coming out of the Berkshire cottage is weirdly incongruous. Their author disliked the *action* that fiction and drama require: she abhorred—it is her own word—sentimentality and pathos. A Bewick in prose, she was nearer, indeed, to the 18th than to the 19th century. What Harriet Martineau testily said of her: "I never knew her to respond to any act or course of conduct which was morally lofty" could have been said equally well of Miss Austen. She admired good writing, and took trouble over it. "What looks like ease in my style," she confessed, "is labour." For all her wide reading, there is nothing bookish about her best works. These—the essays, so clear and fresh, that compose *Our Village*—show not only her wit, her observing eye and grace of style, but an exceptional vitality. Where this is missing, and it frequently is in the later sketches, the charm is lost. It is her personal quality, and the one thing that she could not force in the long hours at her desk.

Miss Watson has made use of a newly discovered diary and of some unpublished letters between Miss Mitford and Talfourd. When she expresses a point of view—on the E.B.B. friendship, for instance, or on Miss Mitford's distaste for marriage—Miss Watson is at her best, for she writes with a sympathy that is pleasing. Nevertheless, although it contains useful material, her book is not good enough. As general reading it is, alas, dull; as a work of reference it is vague. There is a genealogical table, but not the really necessary critical bibliography. Moreover, Miss Watson muffs her story-telling. The lottery is an example. In her version the child persists in choosing a certain number (2224) though told that it is only a quarter ticket; she has her way. Her father then talks constantly to her of how he will spend the money if lucky. On a Sunday morning a few weeks later, a man "whose face was familiar to the child but whom the father had forgotten,"—the clerk, in fact, of the lottery office, appears at the door with the news that Dr. Mitford has gained (with 2224) the £20,000 prize. A reader madly baffled by the quarter ticket winning the whole prize will find in Miss Mitford's memoirs—the source of the story—a line or two, oddly omitted by Miss Watson, explaining how the clerk found in a drawer and sold to the Doctor the ticket's remaining fractions. The memoirs reveal, furthermore, that it was the father and not the child who remembered the face of the clerk. The quarter ticket business, like Miss Watson's reference to *Belford Regis* as a novel, may be slapdash writing; the touch about the father is psychologically wrong as well. The most valuable parts of Miss Watson's book are, indeed, contributed by Miss Mitford herself. Phrases here and there are evocative of her story. "It is not fame or praise I want, but the power of assisting my dearest and kindest father." "Began *Fiesco*. God grant we make money of it." "Went violeting. Worked at my sketch." Avoid *Fiesco*, written to keep the old parasite. But look up the sketch, which she wrote for pleasure; it is still the best of reading.

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We welcome anything which helps to break up the standard lengths into which book production tends to harden. And it was an excellent notion of the publishers to invite well-known authors to write in a hundred small pages the biography they would most like to. The first two volumes in the series, which is under the general editorship of Mr. Patric Dickinson and Miss Sheila Shannon, illustrate the extremes of what the plan may be likely to produce—a straightforward account by Mr. Rex Warner, of Milton, and a personal memoir by Mr. L. A. G. Strong of a teacher who greatly influenced him in his childhood. The personal memoir, is, we would think, the more likely of the two to produce interesting results. Not that Mr. Warner's *John Milton* is not admirably done in its way: a clear, unpretentious introduction to the life and work of a poet he greatly admires. But there is not space in this series for anything more than outline. Mr. Strong's memoir of a teacher is a little loose for the length: he is too easily tempted down whatever bypath invites him and his portrait lacks both cohesion and passion. So we do not get the vivid and intense picture which the series seems to invite.

Pope and his Contemporaries. Essays presented to GEORGE SHERBURN, edited by JAMES L. CLIFFORD AND LOUIS A. LANDA. *Oxford.* 30s.

In this book a group of English and American experts on the eighteenth century have presented Professor Sherburn, one of their acknowledged leaders, with some rather dry offerings. Mr. Harold Williams has contributed a most scholarly and interesting essay on Swift's early biographers and Mr. James Sutherland a good general defence of John Gay, but for the general reader the collection is a little forbidding. Mr. Maynard Mack's study of Pope's imagery is an almost perfect example of how the analytic mind can reveal the subconscious processes of creation and at the same time limit one's enjoyment of the result. This is scientific criticism of the French school, and the English reader may say, with Keats, that it is fatal to analyse the beauty of the rainbow. In a similar way Pope's *Epistle to Harley* is analysed from a philosophical viewpoint, and the background of the attack on science in Pope's time is neatly revealed and notated by Mr. R. F. Jones in one of the best essays in the book. For the rest there is a lively account of Swift's hatred of his uncle for giving him so meagre an education, a bibliographical study of the songs in Steele's plays and a discussion of ethics and political history in Thomson's *Liberty* which shows clearly the eighteenth-century's facility for putting prose matter into poetic form.

Hostages of Civilisation, A Study of the Social Causes of Anti-Semitism. By EVA G. REICHMANN. *Gollancz.* 18s.

Writing on anti-Semitism is an almost pure labour of love, like writing about the Baconian theory, or anti-vivisection. Anybody prepared to read a book on the subject is already convinced that anti-Semitism in its grosser manifestations is a monstrous barbarism; and the virulent anti-Semites will not read such books, nor would it matter if they did, since their virulence is irrational and not open to rational argument. Dr. Reichmann's current study of German Jewry is one of the least emotional books on the subject; she is a pupil of Morris Ginsberg, and applies her teacher's methods with thoroughness and considerable documentation. She makes the useful distinction between "objective" anti-Semitism, deriving from gentile resentment of Jewish separateness, and "subjective" or "sham" anti-Semitism—the creation of political scape-goats in the form of an "ideally malevolent" Jew, who has no necessary relationship with any individuals. She documents well the paradox that at the height of the official Nazi "subjective" anti-Semitism, the Germans manifested surprisingly little "objective" anti-Semitism towards their Jewish neighbours; there was practically no spontaneous looting or other persecution. The terrible history of German Jewry since 1933 is described in detail; there are 22 pages of small-type notes, and more than 200 sources quoted. The book is exhaustive.

Age Cannot Wither. The Story of Duse and d'Annunzio. By BERTITA HARDING. *Harrap.* 12s. 6d.

Seeing Duse for the first time George Bernard Shaw wrote: "The best modern acting I have ever seen." The operative word was "modern." The story told here of Duse and d'Annunzio is very like the situation in a Strindberg play. Duse kept the initiative, the poet was kissed and told, Duse had her career, d'Annunzio lay like an odalisque on his perfumed quilted bed with its legend "for not sleeping." The experience, perhaps, helped to make her a good Ibsen heroine. Mrs. Harding quotes an illuminating French criticism of her Marguerite in *La Dame aux camélias*. Instead of Bernhardt's "extraordinary probing into the awakening emotions of a harlot" the critic Sarcey found "only the sunrise of love lighting up a candid heart." Her lovers might be ruined "only while keeping her supplied with macaroni." The first great actress who made her women intelligent, self-reliant, females without claws, deserves a full-length study, but Mrs. Harding does not supply this. Her book is in the glossy style of the biographies of minor royalty.

Ants. By DR. JULIAN HUXLEY. *Dobson.* 6s.

The Ant is a well-adapted fool. He will probably survive for millions of years after mankind has blown itself up, or left for the moon. And it will serve him right. He had his intricate social system ticking over like a well-oiled machine, millions of years before man stood up on his hind legs. Even to-day, after centuries of human progress, he rivals our ingenuity, but only in its most obnoxious manifestations. Among the ants we find a somnolent and philoprogenitive Royalty, an effete and inefficient aristocracy, a stout-hearted and thick-headed military, bloated capitalists, homogeneous and heterogeneous parasites, indigenous and immigrant pilferers, resolute, unassailable hold-up men, stunted, exploited artisans. We find petty irrational nationalism combined with callous condonation of violent royal usurpation. We find major wars, total and prolonged, not only with other races, but with their own kith and kin. Brutal conquest is followed by ruthless seizure of the enemy young and their exploitation as life-long slaves. We find sloth so abject that the primitive organs of digestion become atrophied; the decadent plutocrat dies when parted from his servile minions. We find forcible feeding of defenceless victims into bloated immobility. Fifty times their former weight they hang from the roof in impotent misery, the monotony of their inverted vigil broken only by intermittent regurgitation at the behest of their hungry fellows. We find exploitation of domestic animals, which are kept in unhygienic quarters and used to form a living bridge across torrential rivers. We find child-labour, and systematic malnutrition so effectively practised that even the pleasures of a normal sex-life are permanently precluded for the working classes. Why then, in such propitious circumstances, has there been no Communist revolution; no sign even of Socialist evolution? There is pathos in the answer. The artisans must for ever look up to their masters, for ever be ignorant of the dignity of labour. They must look up to them because they are a fiftieth of their size.

What lesson should we learn from the Ant? Shuffle up the genes and breed new breeds. Shuffle up traditions, and scheme new schemes. This is Dr. Huxley's advice, and whether you like it or not, you *should* go to the Ant, with him.

An Artist's Diary in Pictures. By Katerina Wilczynski. *Bruno Cassirer.* 21s.

In her recent exhibition of drawings done in Italy Miss Wilczynski showed herself to be a topographical draughtsman with a most sensitive feeling for architecture; her book on Rome, published during the war, was a delightful reverie among the fountains and beneath the baroque façades which fascinated her so much. In her new book she limits herself, almost entirely, to the hotel rooms in which she lived during a tour from Amsterdam to Aix. The character of each room is evoked as if it were a living entity, and as one turns from the elegant Louis XVI room at Bourg-en-Bresse to the simple little room overlooking the sea at Les Saintes Maries de la Mer one becomes, for some reason, very close to the mind of the lonely woman whose world these rooms are, whose fruit and salami lie on the table and whose image we see fleetingly in a looking-glass. Occasionally she notes down, visually, the ideas which preoccupy her mind, and from a drab Brussels room we turn into the world of Ovid's *Metamorphoses*, which Miss Wilczynski is haunted by. It is this sense of an imagination bursting out of its rather dreary ambience which makes the book so peculiarly affecting. It is beautifully produced and has an interesting foreword by Mr. Eric Newton.

Week-end Competitions

No. 1,047

Set by Gerald Giradot

Competitors are invited to comment on the differences between the French and English temperaments in six rhymed couplets; *at least half of every other line must be in French.* Entries by March 21st.

RESULT OF COMPETITION No. 1,044

Set by Thomas Smallbones

Six guineas are offered for a triolet, one of the repeated lines of which shall be: "A piano tinkled in the room."

Report by Thomas Smallbones

A tide of nostalgia beat back upon the setter and drowned him beneath waves of "gloom," "doom" and "tomb." Difficult words to impose without false poeticism but so many competitors succeeded that I should like to have had space to print at least twenty who have had to be excluded. The triolets fell into four classes: the straight, the ghostly, the ingenious, and the up-to-date. The first and the second were the most successfully tackled. I was particularly sorry not to fit in John Overton, Margaret Witchell, Mitzi, Littler Billee, Goodwill, A. J. Thompson. Six prizes of one guinea each to the first six printed below.

AFTER THE RAID

A piano tinkled in the room;
  '*La vie est vaine . . .*'
Before it came, that crack of doom,
A piano tinkled, in the room
That now is like a ravaged tomb.
  Yet as I passed to-night, again
A piano tinkled in the room:
  '*La vie est vaine . . .*'

F.C.C.

A piano tinkled in the room
Above. The noise of party strife
Outside went on. Heedless of doom
A piano tinkled in the room.
Fluorescent in encircling gloom,
Repetitive as urban life,
A piano tinkled in the room
Above the noise of party strife.

NORMAN H. JOHNSON

A piano tinkled in the room:
Do you remember? What it played
We'd treasure till at crack of doom
A piano tinkled, in the room
Of trumpets, roused us from the tomb;
So lasting was our love, you said.
A piano tinkled in the room:
Do you remember what it played?

J. P. MARRIOTT

The piano tinkled in the room
  The pianist was trying
A piece by Schumann called "Warum?"
The piano tinkled in the room,
I heard a voice in tones of gloom
"Oh, why indeed?" replying.
The piano tinkled in the room.
—The pianist *was* trying.

P. M.

DISENCHANTMENT

To-night I stopped, behind your door.
A piano tinkled in the room.
I had not heard you play before
To-night. I stopped behind your door
And wondered why and how and whom
I'd worshipped for a month or more.
To-night I stopped! Behind your door
A piano tinkled in the room.

H. J. N.

A piano tinkled in the room;
That warned you 'twas a "period" play.
To stress the plushy gas-lit gloom
A piano tinkled. In the room
Victorian horrors well might loom
Ahead. In fact the sickening way
A piano tinkled in the room—
That warned you. 'Twas a "period" play!

G. PITT

A piano tinkled in the room
Although the keys were grey with dust.
Dead petals glimmered in the gloom;
A piano tinkled in the room.
In cobwebbed corner slept the broom;
The spider crept upon the bust.
A piano tinkled in the room
Although the keys were grey with dust.

PHILIP GASKILL

DISORDERLY HOUSE

A piano tinkled in the room,
  The ditty was "In old Madrid,"
A song that once enjoyed a boom.
The poor wench, too, had lost her bloom
That sang it as into the gloom
  I slunk and left behind a quid.
A piano tinkled in the room,
  The ditty was "In old Madrid."

GORDON NEVILLE

A piano tinkled in the room
Whose tangled echoes draw the dead
Down from their stiff brocaded tomb.
A piano tinkled in the room;
"Candlelight's brave against the gloom;
Music and light are life," she said.
A piano tinkled in the room
Whose tangled echoes draw the dead.

JABBERWOCK

A piano tinkled in the room
That night at Mrs. Arthur Hughes,
The guests were all in queer costume
A piano tinkled in the room
They shrilled and chattered through the gloom
On art and life and book reviews,
A piano tinkled in the room
That night at Mrs. Arthur Hughes.

J. RAYMOND MAJOR

A piano tinkled in the room
  An early exercise of Czerny's:
As if to emphasise the gloom
A piano tinkled in the room.
His ma had threatened with a broom
  A pet white mouse of little Ernie's:
A piano tinkled in the room
  An early exercise of Czerny's.

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CHESS: Faster Than Ping-pong

No. 27

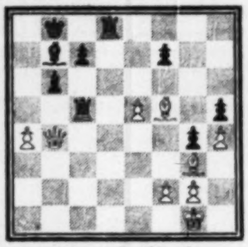
The other day the Hollywood Chess Club expressed a considered opinion on a certain film star—well considered indeed, since it had taken them just over three years to decide who of the numerous local claimants should be awarded the palm of the chess fraternity. It was pointed out that it was quite proper for chess players to make no important move without mature consideration. Yet, in "lightning" chess an entire game may well take less time than one single rally at table tennis which, next to ice-hockey is reputedto be the fastest of all games.

Where a clock is available it has become customary to play "five-minute games" on the understanding that, whoever first reaches the crucial limit, forfeits the game. I think this method degrades chess to a mere gamble as to whose "flag" would drop a few seconds earlier. Far better to use the clock for a game played without specific time-limit except that, whoever falls five minutes behind, forfeits the game. This condition automatically speeds up the game to "lightning" standard, and yet leaves sufficient margin for fairly thorough deliberation.

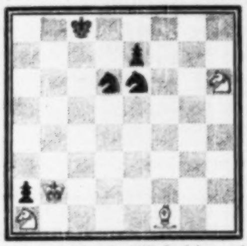
Here is one example to prove that speed need not impair quality. It was the decisive game in the 1943 U.S. "speed championship," and Fine, as shrewdly as he would in any "slow motion" game, exploited the fact that his redoubtable opponent, being ½ point behind, had to go all out for a win.

	RESHEVSKI	FINE
(1)	P-Q4	P-Q4
(2)	P-QB4	P x P
(3)	Kt-KB3	Kt-KB3
(4)	P-K3	P-K3
(5)	B x P	P-B4
(6)	O-O	P-QR3
(7)	Q-K2	P x P
(8)	R-Q1	P-QKt4
(9)	B-Kt3	B-K2
(10)	P-QR4	KtP x P
(11)	R x QP	Q-B2
(12)	B x P ch	B-Q2
(13)	Kt-B3	B x B
(14)	R(R1) x B	O-O
(15)	P-K4	Kt-B3
(16)	R(Q4)-B4	KR-Q1
(17)	P-K5	Kt-Q4
(18)	Kt x Kt	R x Kt
(19)	P-R3	Q-Q2
(20)	B-B4	P-QR4
(21)	R-R1	Kt-Kt5
(22)	K-R2	R-Q1
(23)	B-Kt5	P-R3
(24)	B x B	Q x B
(25)	QR-QB1	Kt-Q6
(26)	R(B1)-B3	Q-Kt2
(27)	P-QKt3	Q-Kt1
(28)	R-B7	Q-Kt5
(29)	P-Kt3	Q-Kt3
(30)	K-Kt2 ?	Q-Kt4 !
(31)	Q-K4	Kt x KP
(32)	Q-KB4	P-B4
(33)	Kt x Kt	R x Kt
(34)	R-K7	Q-Q4 ch
(35)	K-R2	R-K8
(36)	R-B3	Q-Q8
(37)	R x P ch	K x R
(38)	P-Kt4	Q-Q3
(39)	resings	

This game took 12 minutes, 40 seconds, pretty slow going for a lightning game. But this was played at 10 seconds a move, instead of the usual five.



In this position Black had less than 10 seconds to find the seven moves needed to mate his opponent. It was Sämisch in his usual desperate time trouble. He went into the "scramble" hoping for a draw, but he was "lucky" enough to find a pretty win (and with a second or two to spare!). How?



This position—White to play and win—has nothing whatever to do with speed, my sole excuse for including it here being the fact that it happens to be a particularly nice study. One of the two main variations has a peculiarly aesthetic quality. Competitors, I hope, will find it as pleasing as I did. The author, unfortunately, is not known.

Usual prizes. Entries by March 20.

REPORT ON COMPETITION No. 22

A: (1) B-R8, KxB. (2) K-B6, followed by K marching to KB6. If (1) . . . K-B1. (2) K-B6, K-Q1. (3) B-Kt7, B-Kt1. (4) B-R6, B-B2. (5) K-Kt7, K-Q2. (6) B-Kt5 ch, K-Q1. (7) B-R4, etc.

B: (1) B-B5 ch, K-Q3. (2) R-Q4 ch, K-K2. (3) R-K4 ch, K-Q1 ! (4) B-Q7 ! !, P queens. (5) B-Kt5.

Dozens of otherwise successful competitors were stumped by the Reti study with the ingenious offer of the B which, if accepted, would break the stalemate and, if refused, would serve to complete the mating net. All this was clearly seen by E. Boon, F. Dobson, M. Kaye, H. J. Pearman, J. M. Reid, M. Rumney. Prizes shared by E. W. Carmichael, J. E. Pike, R. A. Slade for painstaking analysis and searching observations, such as Slade's suggestion of a faint analogy in the beautiful ending Rabinovich-Romanovsky, Leningrad 1934, thoroughly analysed by R. Fine. ASSIAC

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MISCELLANEOUS—continued

STORIES wanted by the Agency Dept., C.20, of British Institute of Fiction Writing Science, Ltd., Regent House, Regent St., W.1. We negotiate suitable work on a 15% of sales basis (no reading fee), unsuitable work returned with reasons for rejection. We offer also an interesting booklet giving details and fees of our Courses and Criticisms, and success letters from students.

HEAL'S re-make and re-cover divans, box springs, and mattresses. Write for folder "re-making bedding": Heal & Son, Ltd., 196 Tottenham Court Rd. W.1.

TIDMAN'S Sea Salt in bath or basin for tired feet, sprains, etc., Nature's tonic.

INVISIBLE mending. Moth holes, tears, cigarette burns and all other damages in garments rewoven by specialists. Seven-day service. Nylon, silk and rayon stockings invisibly mended in three days from 6*d*. per ladder. Call or send. Bell Invisible Menders, Ltd., 22 New Bond St., W.1 (Reg. 1250) & Branches.

PRE-WAR Novels wanted. Not pocket editions. Please quote to J. Clarke Hall, Ltd., Wine Office Court, E.C.4.

£5—£50 is the price we pay for Cultured Pearl Necklaces; up to £1,000 for Diamond Rings, Brooches, etc. (Valuation by Fellow Gemmological Association). Register your parcel (cash or offer per return), or call M. Hayes & Sons, Ltd., 106 Hatton Garden, London, E.C.1. HOL. 8177.

SCHOOLS

KING Alfred School (F. 1898). Prog. Co-Educ. Day School, ages 3 to 18. Recognised by Min. of Educ. 6-acre premises at Manor Wood, North End Rd. N.W.11.

SMALL group of weekly boarders, St. Mary's Town and Country School, 38/40 Eton Ave., N.W.3, now full, but transport arranged for weekly boarders at Country School, Stanford Park, near Rugby (ages 4-10).

ST. CHRISTOPHER School, Letchworth. Co-education to 18 years in an open-air atmosphere of ordered freedom. Applications for vacancies from 1951 considered. H. Lyn Harris, M.A., LL.B.; Mrs. Lyn J. Harris, M.A.

THE New School, King's Langley, Herts. Non-profit-making Day and Boarding School for boys and girls from 3 to 18. Based on Rudolf Steiner principles, its aim is to enable children to face life with initiative and courage, and with a well-balanced cultural background. Few vacancies. Prospectus from Secretary. (Tel. K.L.2505.)

TYLEHURST School, Forest Row, Sussex. Boys and Girls (5-13). Freedom, health and happiness as basis of education. Apply Dorothy Mumford, B.Sc.

APPOINTMENTS VACANT

None of the vacancies in these columns relates to a man between 18 and 50 inclusive or a woman between 18 and 40 inclusive unless he or she is excepted from the provision of the Control of Engagement Order, 1947, or the vacancy is for employment excepted from the provision of that Order.

UNIVERSITY of Aberdeen. Lectureship in Social Psychology. Applications are invited for the post of Lecturer in Social Psychology. Salary £550-£800 or £800-£1,100, according to qualifications and experience. In addition a children's allowance of £50 per annum for the first child and £40 per annum for each subsequent child under 16, or while the child is undergoing full-time education, is payable. The person appointed will take up duty on October 1, 1950, or as may be arranged. The University pays a proportion of furniture removal expenses. Applications should reach the Secretary to the University (from whom forms of application and conditions of appointment may be obtained), by April 15, 1950. H. J. Butchart, Secretary, University of Aberdeen.

THE University of Manchester. Extra-Mural Department. Applications are invited for the post of Resident Staff Tutor for the district of N.W. Derbyshire with the salary and status of Lecturer or Assistant Lecturer in the University. Salary scales: Lecturer £500-£1,100, Assistant Lecturer £450-£500. Membership of the F.S.S.U. and Children's Allowance Scheme. Initial salary of Lecturer according to qualifications and experience. Candidates should have a good honours degree in one of the subjects ordinarily taught in W.E.A. and adult classes. Duties to commence as soon as possible. Further particulars and forms of application may be obtained from the Registrar, the University, Manchester, 13, to whom applications should be sent by March 25, 1950.

UNIVERSITY College of Swansea. Applications are invited for the post of Professor of French. Further partics. may be obtained from the Registrar, University College, Singleton Park, Swansea, by whom applics. must be received on or before April 17, 1950.

HAMPSHIRE County Council. Child Guidance Service—Educational Psychologist. Applications are invited for the post of Educational Psychologist. Applicants should hold a University Degree or Diploma in Psychology and should have experience of teaching. There is an Assistant Psychologist on the staff and in addition to the clinical work the person appointed will be required to assist in the classification of difficult cases of educationally subnormal and maladjusted pupils and to advise the Education Authority on cases referred to him of pupils seeking admission to the various types of Secondary Schools. The salary scale is £800 × £25 to £1,000 per annum for a man, or £720 × £20 to £800 per annum for a woman. A car is necessary for the purposes of the appointment and if the officer's private car is used, travelling allowance will be paid on the National Scale. Application forms and particulars of duties may be obtained from the County Education Officer, The Castle, Winchester, to whom applications should be returned not later than Mar. 24. Canvassing, either directly or indirectly, is prohibited, and will disqualify. G. A. Wheatley, Clerk of the County Council, The Castle, Winchester.

HAMPSHIRE C.C. Applics. are invited for post of Psychiatric Social Worker on staff of the County Medical Officer. Candidates should hold the Mental Health Cert. or a Diploma approved by the Assocn. of Psychiatric Social Workers and should have had exp. in social work. Salary will be in accordance with the scale laid down by the Joint Negotiating Committee, namely £370, rising by annual increments to £530 p.a. incl. of cost of living allowance. Appointment will be subject to provisions of the Local Government Superann. Act, 1937. The use of a car is essential for the appointment and if the officer's private car is used, travelling allowances will be paid on County scale for the time being in force. Applics. will be considered from those qualified who could only give part-time service and their salary will be on the above scale, but reduced according to the number of sessions they are able to give. Applic. forms with full details of appointment may be obtained from County Medical Officer, The Castle, Winchester, to whom completed forms should be returned by March 20. G. A. Wheatley, Clerk of the C.C., The Castle, Winchester.

EDUCATED woman required for Headship of Sunshine Home Nursery School for Blind Children, Northwood, Middlesex. Experience with young children essential. Salary in case of Educationist would be Burnham Scale, plus residential emoluments—for other applicants according to qualifications and experience—in any case not less than £400 p.a., plus residential emoluments. Application form from Secretary-General, National Institute for the Blind, 224 Great Portland St., London, W.1.

THE United Nations Association and its Council for Education in World Citizenship invites applications for the post of Schools Secretary of the C.E.W.C. Applicants must have a keen interest in international affairs, knowledge of the United Nations, and a willingness to undertake some public speaking. Preference will be given to candidates with experience of teaching, and a University degree. Salary £350 p.a. Application forms on receipt of a stamped addressed envelope from the Secretary, U.N.A., 11 Maiden Lane, London, W.C.2.

KING'S College, London, offer full-time employment to shorthand-typist 30 weeks in the year coinciding with ordinary school terms. Salary according to age and experience. Apply Secretary, King's College, Strand, W.C.2.

APPOINTMENTS VACANT—continued

INTERNATIONAL School of Geneva. The five hundred teachers who applied for positions recently advertised are thanked for their interest and are advised that it is possible to reply personally only to those whose applications are to receive further consideration.

CITY of Leicester Children's Committee. Cottage Homes, Countesthorpe, Nr. Leicester. Applications are invited from suitably qualified married couples for the joint appointment of Superintendent and Matron at the Countesthorpe Cottage Homes (accommodation approximately 180 beds). The Superintendent will be responsible for the internal administration of the Homes and for supervising the general welfare of the staff and children. He should be of good education, with high administrative ability and should have had considerable experience of handling staff and of work with children. The Matron, who must be a State-Registered Nurse, or hold a recognised qualification in Domestic Subjects, will be responsible for the supervision of female staff and for all domestic arrangements. She will be expected to carry out the recommendations of the Medical Officer in regard to the health of the children. The National Joint Council's salary scales for Superintendents and Matrons of Children's Homes will apply, viz.: Superintendent: £290 × £15—£365 per annum with emoluments valued at £120 per annum. Matron: £245 × £15—£305 per annum with emoluments valued at £120 per annum. The post is superannuable and the provisions of the Local Government Superannuation Act, 1937, will apply. The successful applicants will be required to pass a medical examination. Forms of application and further information may be obtained from the Children's Officer, Rupert St., Leicester, to whom all completed forms should be returned within 14 days of the appearance of this advertisement. L. McEvoy, Town Clerk.

LANCASHIRE C.C. Librarian (woman) required at Lancaster Moor Mental Hospital. Salary £390 × £15—£435. Librarian will also be required to undertake and/or organise educational activities for the patients. Candidates should possess suitable library, educational or social welfare experience. Appointment subject to medical examination and to Local Government Superannuation Act, 1937. Application (with two testimonials) to County Librarian, County Offices, Preston, by 18/3/50.

FERTILISERS. Departmental Manager wanted. Permanent progressive position. Salary and share of profits. Excellent opportunity for likeable personality with initiative, perseverance, capable acting own responsibility. English and foreign languages, preferably French, German; intimate personal connections, thorough experience International Trade Organic and Chemical Fertilisers essential. Applications will be kept strictly confidential. Write Mr. M. Lerner, Director, J. C. Gilbert, Ltd., Columbia House, London, W.C.2.

WELL-known Publishers of Art books require young lady secretary-shorthand typist for their Sales Department. Previous exp. in Sales Department of Publishing House essential. Full partics. age, educ., exp. and salary to Box 5606.

STENOGRAPHERS for International Labour Office, Geneva. A competitive Examination is being held in London and Edinburgh for British-born stenographers in the Stenographic Pool of the International Labour Office, Geneva, Switzerland. The main qualifications are that the candidates, either sex, shall be not less than 21 years nor more than 30 years of age and shall take a stenographic test of 4 minutes at 110 to 140 words per minute. Conditions and candidature forms can be obtained from International Labour Office, London Branch (S.N.S.), 38 Parliament St., S.W.1, if application, with stamped addressed envelope, is received there by March 15, 1950.

APPOINTMENTS WANTED

EDUCATED shorthand-typists and secretaries will shortly complete their training and become available for employment. Good knowledge of commercial and professional procedure, secretarial duties, etc. Salaries £5 per week upwards. Interested employers please write/'phone Langham Secretarial College, 50 Fitzroy St., London, W.1. EUSton 5811.

EXPERIENCED Secretary desires part-time post, preferably professional. Good French and German. Box 5082.

WANTED: any interesting job abroad by young man, 33, widely travelled, exp. stage, documentary filming, transport organisation Sahara, Finland, Amazon. Box 5035.

WIDOW with son 3 years requires housekeeping post. Adults. April-Aug. Vicinity nursery school. Box 5211.

YOUNG woman, 27, sks. position, Legation, hotel, tourist agency/other business. Fluent French, German and Italian. Box 5075.

WHERE TO STAY

LAKE District. Magnificent views, walking, climbing. Own farm produce & personal attention. Emerald Bank Private Hotel, Newlands, nr. Keswick. Tel. Braithwaite 280.

BARNSTAPLE. Small guest house opening Easter, good centre for North Devon, coast and moors. Special terms for students and professional people. Box 5068.

THE Dee-side Sanctuary. Small comfortable Guest House with modern amenities; glorious scenery, and excellent food at moderate terms. Write Mrs. Markovits, Vron House, Vroncysyllte, near Wrexham, N. Wales.

WHERE TO STAY—continued

HIGHFIELD Vegetarian Guest House, The Heads, Keswick, offers beautiful views, comfort and friendly atmosphere. Conferences, parties catered for. Vegans welcome. Anne Horner and Beatrice Farnsworth. Tel. 508.

LOCKNER Farm Guest House, Chilworth, Guildford, Surrey. Farmhouse atmosphere, own garden produce, riding stables attached. Guildford 619871.

GOLDEN Acres, Elstead, Surrey, now under new ownership and personal supervision, has vacancies. Residential fully lic. country club. Situated in well-known beauty spot. Log fires, electric and central heating. Tennis on site; riding, fishing, and golf available short distance. Excellent fare. Ideal spot for complete rest. 'Phone or write: Elstead 3146. Mr. or Mrs. Charles Clark, late "Britannia," Waltham Cross, Herts.

LAKELAND holiday at Y.W.C.A. holiday hostel, Iveing Cottage, Ambleside. Open all the year round. Good fare. Reasonable terms. Apply Warden.

MARKLY Hotel for country house comfort. Holiday or permanent residence. Surrounded 80 acres parkland. Central heating, log fires. Trains met. Brochure: O. Batten, Rushlake Green, nr. Heathfield, Sussex. R.G. 270.

SWANAGE, Dorset. Vegetarian Guest House 3 mins. sea; H. & C. Brochure: Mr. & Mrs. Golding, "Waveney," 52 Park Rd. 'Phone 2804.

AT Burcot, near Oxford, winter is mild and you will be warm, comfortable and well fed at Croft House Hotel. Central heating. Fishing, tennis (hard court), billiards. Tel.: Clifton Hampden 32.

TYE Rock Hotel, Porthleven, S. Cornwall. Sea air, warm sunshine, good fare. A.A. recommended. Write for tariff.

BOGNOR. Quiet Guest House. Good food, home comfort. Several sit.-rooms, pleasant gdn. "Widworthy," Sylvan Way. Tel. 350.

KING'S Arms Hotel, Kingsbridge, S. Devon. Charming unspoiled 200 years' old fully lic. coaching inn. Every mod. amenity and comfort. Plenty good food. Exc. centre yachting, fishing; grand coast and lovely country. 6/9 gns. Stables opposite. Tel. 202411.

ST. John's Priory, Poling, Arundel. Riding holidays in Sussex beauty spot. Charming XII Century house. Own produce and stables. Brochure on application. Tel. Arundel 3114.

COTSWOLD Country Club, Brockhampton Park, Nr. Cheltenham, for your holidays, honeymoon or rest cure. Magnificent mansion with modern luxuries. Excellent cuisine in oak panelled dining hall. Cocktail bar, dancing, tennis, riding, billiards. H. & C. in all rooms, sprung mattresses. Write for brochure E.

WOOLACOMBE, N. Devon. Watersmeet Hotel. Bask in the sun in Spring. Private path to lovely sandy beach with warm sheltered nooks. Very comfortable licensed hotel, where food and service are good. March to July 1st. 7-9gns. Tel.: 3.

WE have a growing reputation for good food, comfort and friendliness, that is why our guests return. Riding, rough shooting, television and a club bar for jolly informal evenings. Our new attractive tariff tells all about Crowhurst Park Hotel, Battle. Tel. Battle 369. We are open all the year but are now taking Easter and early summer bookings.

CAPEL Court. Easter and Summer bookings; riding, bathing, delightful country walks, within easy reach Dover and Folkestone. Day rides a speciality. Capel Court Gymkhana, August 9. Terms on application: Capel Court, Capel-le-Ferne, Folkestone 346211.

DUKE of York, Iddesleigh, Nr. Winkleigh. Small comf. hotel in remote, beautiful part of N. Devon. Fishing/shooting by arrangement. 5½gns. p.w. Hatherleigh 253.

BRITTANY, La Baule, Hotel Bellevue-Plage, overlooking a beautiful sandy bay, on the Atlantic coast. Special terms till July 10, and Sept. onwards. First-class cuisine.

STEANBRIDGE: beautifully situated guest house in quiet Cotswold valley. Restful holidays for people of all nationalities. Breakfast in bed (optional). Finlayson, Steanbridge, Nr. Stroud, Glos. Tel.: Painswick 2312.

BROOKLANDS Farm, Dallington, Heathfield, Sussex. Comfortable quarters. Farm produce. Log fires, e.l., c.h.w. 60 acres. From 4½gns. weekly. Tel. Rushlake Green 321.

OLD Sussex Village, comfortable accommodation and good country food at Blenheim Farm, Robertsbridge. Horses for hire. Terms 5gns. per week. Robertsbridge 148.

PEMBROKESHIRE Holidays, sea, country, mountains. Tudor Davies, Tanybryn Farm, Dinas Cross.

LAKES. Charming old mansion, magnificent view, modern conveniences. 40 acres. Mod. terms. Croft Hotel, Ambleside. Tel. 334.

APPLEBY, Westmorland, Garbridge Hotel. Lakes accessible. Fishing. Golf. Comfort and good food. Write brochure. Tel. 71.

PEMBROKESHIRE Coast. Field Naturalists and others as guests. Zoologist's sunny country bungalow. Pegity Cot, St. Davids.

STOKE Gabriel, S. Devon. Redway Guesthouse offers country-lovers lovely views, every modern comfort, delicious food, willing service. A charming old house, not isolated & coast easily reached. Book now for summer; few Easter vacancies. 5½/6½gns.

WHERE TO STAY—continued

EASTON Court Hotel, Chagford, Devon. We are used to writers and their foibles and provide strong tables and quiet. Walking, riding, golf or hunting. Considerably reduced winter terms. Tel. Chagford 3160.

BOURNEMOUTH (Boscombe). Small guest house near sea. H. & C., gas fires, ordinary & vegetarian diet. Smith & Bailey, Court Green, Glen Rd. Tel. Boscombe 33621.

HASTINGS, first-class residence, gardens. French cuisine, atmosphere. Children minded. Continental Guest House, 10 Albany Rd. St. Leonards.

HOLIDAYS & Honeymoons! 38 delightful hotels, inns, etc., in Devon and Cornwall, described and recommended in unique "Bide-a-While Book." Post free, 2s. 6d. N. S. Hilton, 45 Fleet St., Torquay.

PYRENEES. Few guests received from Easter in beautifully situated country house near Pau. Write Mselle. Dannatt, Château de Balagué, Rébénacq, B. Pyr., France.

CORNISH fishing village, S.W. Rest, relax, refresh in Torrevean Private Hotel, Porthleven. Good food. Lt. Cmmdr. H. C. Selby, R.N. (retd.).

STUDLAND, Dorset. Old-World Guest House in 12 acres lovely grounds facing sea. Ideal for early Spring holiday. Golf, riding. Booking Easter, Whitsun, Summer. Illus. brochure from BCM/Studland, Lond., W.C.1.

CORNWALL, "Sennen Cove Hotel," Land's End, overlooking sea and glorious sands; h. & c., every amenity; double, 6gns. each till July 15, single 7gns. (Sennen 275.)

CORNWALL. Treharrock Manor. Lovely country house. Every modern convenience. All beds interior sprung. 15 acres grounds. Best cuisine. Among Cornwall's loveliest beaches. Surf-bathing Polzeath. Fishing, hunting. Golf at Rock (St. Enodoc). Open all year. Mildest climate in Britain. Excellent for asthmatics. Spring begins in January here. From 4gns. Port Isaac 234.

HOLIDAYS, Honeymoon or Home. Board residence in Surrey Highlands. One mile from Farnham. From 4gns. week. "Clutha," Lower Bourne, Farnham. (Frensham 293.)

SPRING and summer holidays South Devon. Good cooking, hot baths, modernised cottage. Lovely country for walking or driving. Between Totnes and Newton Abbott. Terms 4-5 guineas weekly. Box 4857.

BRONTE Guest House, Haworth, Keighley, Yorkshire. Moorland walks, literary interest, comfort, good Yorkshire fare. Hot and cold water in bedrooms, good fires.

PIER View, Steyne, Bognor Regis. Gd. liberal table, h. & c., every comfort and cons. Children welcomed half price. Terms from 3½gns. to 6gns. accdng. to season. Central.

MRS. Lawrie, of Homeleigh Farm Guest House, Polperro Road, Looe, Cornwall, has commenced booking for season 1950. Brochure and terms on application.

LLEDR Valley, Snowdonia. Picturesque house in wooded grounds, close Pont-y-Pant stn., but in unique sitn. above colourful valley. Fine mountain walking. Continental type cooking. From 6gns. Bwlch Bach Guest House, Dolwyddelan, Caerns. Dolw. 220.

OLD Plaw Hatch, Sharpthorne, Nr. East Grinstead, Kathleen Batten's friendly hotel on the edge of Ashdown Forest. Lovely walks and good food at the end of them. Club licence. Sharpthorne 17.

BOOKS AND PUBLICATIONS

ADVERTISER will exchange one copy of Zola's "The Masterpiece" for only 12s. 6d. Apply to your bookseller or 'phone HOL. 1087, before 6 p.m.

THE Cambridge Journal—a monthly review of Literature, History, Philosophy, Politics, Economics, etc., edited by Michael Oakeshott, Denis Brogan, C. W. Guillebaud, Michael Postan, Basil Willey and T. F. D. Williams. March issue now ready. Of all booksellers, 3s. net (30s. p.a.).

FABIAN Fire. Large selection of fire-damaged books at greatly reduced prices. Fabian Bookshop, 11 Dartmouth St., S.W.1.

DEUTSCHE Buecher Gesucht! R. & H. Steiner, 64 Talgarth Rd. W.14. FUL. 7924.

GERMAN books: Libris, 50 Harben Rd. London, N.W.6. Pri. 6990. Books bought.

ASIAN books on Art, Culture and Literature are on sale at Asian Institute Gallery, 17 Irving St., Leicester Sq. WHI. 3678.

RISHABHA Jaina Free Lending Library. Works on Jainism, Psychology, Comparative Religion, Yoga. Write only: Secretary, 110 Cleveland Gardens, N.W.2.

GREEK Booksellers, "Zeno," 6 Denmark St., W.C.2. Tel. TEM. 2522. Large collection of Classical, Byzantine & Modern Greek books. Also we are buyers of books on Greece, Crete and Cyprus, in any language.

AMERICAN Readers: Books reviewed/advertised in these pages are readily obtainable: simply send order & check in $ for amt. advertised to Robert Bentley Co., 10 P.O. Sq., Boston 9, Mass (1s. = 14c). Add 30c. for shipping, etc., per book.

CLASSIFIED ADVERTISEMENTS, 3s. 6d. per line (average 6 words). Box No. 1s. extra. Prepayment essential. Press Tues. Insertion delayed some weeks. State latest date acceptable. 10 Great Turnstile, London, W.C.1. Hol. 8471.

ENTERTAINMENTS

STRATFORD-on-Avon 1950 Shakespeare Festival. Evgs. 7.30. Mats., Sat. 2.30. Seats bookable through principal agents or write Box Office, Memorial Theatre.

ARTS (Tem. 3334), 7 (ex. Mon.), St. & Sun. 5 & 8. "John Gabriel Borkman." Mems.

UNITY. The A Bomb Play, "How I Wonder," Weds.-Suns. 7.30. Assoc. Mem. 2s. 6d. EUS. 5391.

PEOPLE'S Palace, Adv. 4244, Sun., Mar. 12th, 7.30: "Le Paysan Noir" (A).

HOLIDAYS abroad and in Britain. Film Show & Travel Forum, Tues., March 21, 7.30 p.m., Caxton Hall. Come and get new ideas for your 1950 holiday. Erna Low and other holiday experts will answer your questions. Entrance free, but by ticket only. Continental buffet at 6.45 p.m. (ticket 5s.). Apply 9 Reece Mews, London, S.W.7. KEN. 0911.

WATERGATE Theatre, 29 Buckingham St., Strand, W.C.2. Readings from Four Cambridge Poets: Kathleen Raine, Charles Madge, William Empson, Humphrey Jennings. Mon., March 13, at 8.30 p.m.

SOUTH Place Ethical Society. Mar. 12, 6.30. Conway Hall, Red Lion Sq. Holborn. Maurice Eisenberg, Frederick Thurston, Harold Craxton. Bach Suite in D, Cello. Beethoven A; Debussy D mi. Sonatas Cello and Piano. Brahms A mi, Trio Clarinet, Cello and Piano. Adm. 1s.

HANDEL'S Messiah in its entirety. St. Paul's Cathedral. Nina Legros, Irene Baker, Peter Pears, Alfred Deller, Owen Brannigan. London Choral Society. Conductor: John Tobin. Sat., March 18, at 5 p.m. Tkts. apply Hon. Sec., Miss K. Luxton, 45 Cholmeley Park, Highgate, N.6. Mountview 5986.

LONDON Contemporary Music Centre. R.B.A. Galleries, Suffolk St., Pall Mall, S.W.1. Tues. next, at 7.30. J. R. Lubbock, String Quartet: Milhaud, Suite for Clarinet; Violin, Piano; Dorothy Gow, String Quartet; Mervyn Roberts, Piano Sonata; Iain Hamilton, Clarinet Quintet; Helen Perkin (Piano), John L. Davies (Clarinet), The Æolian String Quartet. 5s. at R.B.A. Galleries & Chappell's.

ROYAL Albert Hall. This Sun. at 3. London Symphony Orchestra with Mewton-Wood, soloist, and Sir Adrian Boult. Works by Britten, Mozart, Elgar, Schubert. 2s., 3s. 6d., 5s., 7s. 6d. KEN. 8212.

GRAND Opera Group. Sun., March 19, at 7 p.m. Tickets 2s. 6d. from Toynbee Hall Theatre, 28 Commercial St., E.1.

DON Cossack Chorus and Dancers. Director: Serge Jaroff. Royal Albert Hall, Thursday, March 16, at 7.30. Tickets 2s. to 10s. 6d., from R.A.H. (KEN. 8212) and usual agents. Management S. A. Gorlinsky, Ltd.

LONELY Students? Not if they join I.V.C. and come to dances on March 14 (Chelsea Town Hall) & March 24 & 31 (Chenil Galleries, Chelsea), 7.30-11.30; mems. 3s., non-mems. 5s. Sec., Interversity Vacation Club, 8 St. Stephens Mans., Monmouth Rd., W.2.

GRAND Petöfi Ball, to commemorate the March Revolution, 1848, at The Hungarian Club, 33 Pembridge Square, W.2, on Sat., March 18, 7.30 p.m.

SNOWBALL Dance. Youth House, 250 Camden Rd. N.W.1. Sunday, March 12, at 7.30 p.m.

GALA Dance. By the International Friendship League at Conway Hall, Red Lion Sq., on Saturday, March 18, 7-11 p.m.

BRITISH Polish Society, 81 Portland Place, W.1. Tel.: Langham 6594. Dance to Harry Vardon's Band on Sat., March 18, from 7.30-11 p.m. Buffet and bar. Entrance 2s. 6d. single, 4s. double.

DANCE. All Nations Social Club, Caxton Hall, Westminster, Sat., March 11, 8 to 11.30 p.m. Chris Stone's Band. Licensed Bar. Spot prizes. Evg. dress optl. Tkts. 5s. 6d. at door or in adv. from Sec. All Nations Social Club Ltd., 51, Chancery Lane, W.C.2.

EXHIBITIONS

LONDON-Paris. New Trends in Painting & Sculpture. 16 artists presented by Inst. of Contemporary Arts. New Burlington Galls., Old Burlington St., W.1. March 8-April 4. Dly. 10-6. Tu., Thurs. 10-8. Adm. 1s. 6d.

FIFTY Years of Women Painters and Sculptors. Women's International Art Club Jubilee Exhib. R.B.A. Galleries, Suffolk St., S.W.1. Mar. 6-24, 10 a.m.-5 p.m. Adm. 1s.

HANOVER Gallery, 32A St. George St., Hanover Square, W.1. First Exhibition of Watercolours by Kenneth King. Recent Sculpture and Drawings by Eduardo Paolozzi and William Turnbull. Until March 18.

GIMPEL Fils, 50 South Molton St., W.1. Recent Paintings by Julian Trevelyan; Works by Brenda Chamberlain, and Aeply Replicas.

REDFERN Gallery, 20 Cork St., W.1. Recent Paintings by Frederick Gore; English & French Paintings & Drawings. Hours 10-6. Sat. 10-1.

BERKELEY Galleries, 20 Davies St., W.1. Australian Cave Paintings.

FOYLES Art Gallery, Charing X Rd. W.C.2. Paintings by Michael Stringer. 9-6 dly. (inc. Sats.) until April 1. Adm. free.

MARLBOROUGH, 17-18 Old Bond St., W.1. French Masters of the 19th and 20th Century, daily 10-5.30. Sat. 10-1.

EXHIBITIONS—continued

CONTEMPORARY Art Society. Evening party at Tate Gallery on March 22 (8-11 p.m. Tkts. 12s. 6d. incl. refreshments). Preview of Socy.'s Exhibition, "The Private Collector." Guests may be invited but application for tickets must be through a member of the Socy. to C.A.S. at Tate Gallery.

EPSTEIN'S "Lazarus" and new bronzes. Paintings and water-colours by Ethelbert White. Leicester Galleries, Leicester Sq., 10-5.30. Sats. 10-1.

FERNAND Leger, an Arts Council exhibition. The Tate Gallery. Open till March 19. Week-days 10-6, Sundays 2-6. Adm. free.

SICKERT Sketches. South Library, Essex Rd., Islington. March 7-25. Mon.-Thurs., 12-8; Fri., Sat., 12-5, free.

ROLAND, Browse & Delbanco, 19 Cork St., W.1. Pictures by Sickert; recent work by Mollie Paxton and Brian Midlane.

RECENT Paintings by Jean Young and Portraits, Landscapes and Still Life by Fritz Kramer. Heal & Son, 196 Tott. Crt. Rd., W.1.

ARCADE Gallery, March: The Age of La Joie De Vivre, 18th cent. pictures and drawings by Watteau, Boucher, Bellotto, Tiepolo, Longhi and others. Furniture, Porcelain.

THE Little Gallery, 10 Piccadilly Arcade, S.W.1. Paintings by Richard Ciccimarra. March 6-March 28. Open daily 10.30-5.30. Sats. 10.30-12.30.

EXPRESSIONIST Painters from France, Norway, Germany, Belgium, etc. Daily 10-6, Sats. 10-1. St. George's Gallery, 81 Grosvenor St., W.1.

COLOUR Reproductions of French Impressionists. The Phœnix Gallery has a large selection at moderate prices, framed and unframed. Pictures make an ideal gift. 38 William IV St., W.C.2. Mon.-Fri., 9.30-6.

LECTURES AND MEETINGS

MARX Memorial Lecture. Professor J. D. Bernal, F.R.S., will speak on "Marx and Science," Sunday, March 19, 7.30 p.m., St. Pancras Town Hall. Adm. 1s. Tickets from Marx House, Clerkenwell Green, E.C.1. (S.a.e.)

"THE National Health Service"—a Symposium arranged by the Personalist Group at Hope House, Gt. Peter St., S.W.1, Mon., March 13, at 7.30. Spkrs.: Philip Keeler, Dr. Peter Roe, Dr. Köllerström, Dr. Ledermann.

"SHAW and Dickens," by Jack Lindsay. (Chair: Esme Percy), Shaw Soc., 57 Dean St., W.1, March 31, 7 p.m., 1s 6d.

CENTRAL London Fabian Society, Wed., March 15, 7.30 p.m., N.T.U. Club, 12 Gt. Newport St., W.C.2. "The Issue of the Hour—Where does Labour go Now?": The Rt. Hon. Arthur Greenwood, M.P. Adm. 1s. 6d.

MEET Miss Jennie Lee, M.P., at Reception of Ldn. Reg. Cncl. of Fabian Societies, Saturday, March 11, 7 to 9 p.m., St. Anne's House, 57 Dean St., W.1. Adm. at door 1s. 6d.

F. A. RIDLEY, "Modern America and Ancient Rome." Left Book Club. March 16, 8 p.m., Stanfield House, Prince Arthur Rd. High St., Hampstead. Adm. 1s.

A. L. LLOYD on "Industrial Folk Songs," at Salle Erard, 18 Gt. Marlbro' St., W.1. Mar. 18, at 7. Illus. W.M.A. PAD. 8670.

RAMAKRISHNA Vedanta Centre; Swami Ghanananda at Kingsway Hall, Thurs., March 16, 7.30, Meditation. Spiritual talk by Swami Devatmananda, U.S.A. All welc.

BUDDHIST Society, 106 Gt. Russell St. Public Lecture Weds., Mch. 15, 6.30. Buddhism as seen in the English Method of Character Building. H.H. Prince Svasti.

PERSONALITY versus Popery. An appeal for Bachelor Motherhood, and Plural Marriage for both sexes after seven years, with a reference to Lucy Stone of the U.S.A., Edward A. Wilson, M.D. (non-Register), Lecture Hall, 4a Inverness Pl. W.2, Mon., Mar. 20, 7.30. Collection. Queensway/BayswaterUnderground.

LINGUISTS' Club, 20 Grosvenor Pl., S.W.1. March 18, at 6 p.m., Mlle. Marcelle De Mayo (Alliance Française): "Fauré, Debussy et les contemporains."

THEOSOPHY, Public Lecture, Sundays, 7 p.m. United Lodge of Theosophists, 17 Gt. Cumberland Place, Marble Arch. All welc. March 12: Concentration.

SOUTH Place Ethical Society, Conway Hall, Red Lion Sq. W.C.1. Sun. Mtg., 11 a.m. Mar. 12: Professor G. W. Keeton, M.A., LL.D., "The Problem of Disarmament." Adm. free.

YOGA. Lunch-hour talks by students of H. P. Shastri, 1 p.m. Tuesdays, March 14, 21, 28. Caxton Hall, Westminster. Subjects: Yoga in Meditation, Action, Liberation. Adm. free.

CONWAY Discussion Circle, Conway Hall, Library, Red Lion Sq. W.C.1. Tuesdays at 7 p.m. Mar. 14, David Shillan (Secretary, New Europe Group), "The Conditions of European Survival." Adm. free. Collection.

"HERALDRY." A lecture will be given by J. R. B. Walker, M.C. Rouge Croix Pursuivant, for St. Marylebone Public Libraries at Stern Hall, 33 Seymour Place, Marble Arch, Thurs., Mar. 16, at 8 p.m. Admission free.

THE Progressive Business Men's Forum: "The New Government—how long will it last?" All-Party platform. Heal's, Tott. Crt. Rd., 7.30, March 16. Vis. 3s. 6d.

LECTURES AND MEETINGS—continued

I.C.A. discussion, "The Strange Case of Abstract Art." Chairman: Herbert Read. 8 p.m. Tuesday, March 14, at New Burlington Galleries, Old Burlington St., W.1. Admission free members and one guest. (Membership enquiries welcomed, Institute of Contemporary Arts, 6 Fitzroy St., W.1. Mus. 5145.)

A.I.A., 15 Lisle St., Leics. Sq. Discussion: "The Critic's Responsibility," Thurs., March 16, 8 p.m.

BEN Uri Gallery. 14 Portman St., W.1. Thursday, March 16, at 8 p.m. "Yankel Adler," illustrated lecture by Michael Middleton (of the "Spectator"). Chair: Barnett Freedman. Non-members 1s.

WORLD Congress of Faiths. Devotional Service, Caxton Hall, Westminster, March 17, 7 p.m. Speaker: Rev. Will Hayes. "Every Nation Kneeling."

THE Humanist Impetus in Politics. Four addresses on the recovery of inspiration in social life: (2) Virginia Flemming: "The Social Framework for Personal Living." Sun., March 12, 6.30, at the Ethical Church, 4a Inverness Place, Queensway, W.2.

HUNGARIAN Cultural Institute, 22 Manchester Sq., W.1. Max Morris, "1848 Revolution In Hungary," Fri., March 10, 8 p.m.

LECTURE COURSES AND SPECIALISED TRAINING

ASHRIDGE: Course 9, March 17-20. The Middle East. The Middle East in World Politics, Sir Desmond Morton; the Importance of the Oil Fields, Neville Gass; Palestine and the Arab States, Owen Tweedy; Egypt and her Neighbours, G. E. Kirk; the Position of Turkey, Sir Hughe Knatchbull-Hugessen; Defence Problems, Lt. Col. H. B. Calvert. Incl. fee: £3 10s. Course 11. March 24-27: Economic Problems of To-day. The Marshall Plan and After, Sir Cecil Weir; the Management and Control of the Nationalised Industries, Roland Bird; Anglo-American Economic Relations, W. L. Hebbard; Prospects for European Economic Unity; the Problem of Incentives in a Planned Economy. Incl. fee: £3 10s. Applics. to Secy., Ashridge, Berkhamsted, Herts. Tel.: Little Gaddesden 3191.

EASTER Conference of the Progressive League, April 6-10, at Collington Rise, Bexhill-on-Sea. "Vital Issues of To-day." Programme will include lectures by Gordon Rattray Taylor: "Problems of Social Cohesion," Prof. H. S. Massey: "The Atomic Energy Problem," Dr. J. C. Penton: "A Psychiatrist looks at the Law," Thomas Russell: "A Symphony Orchestra in England To-day." Recreations: Music and poetry, dancing, rambles, country-dancing, etc. Fees: Mems. £3 12s. 6d., non-mems. £3 17s. 6d. Apply, with full fee, to A. C. Rankin (Hon. Sec.), 43 West Park, S.E.9. ELT. 1761.

PENDLEY Centre of Informal Education. April 6 to 11 (Easter): a long week-end (Thurs. even. to Tues. morn. fee 4gns.) of active music-making for singers and instrumentalists; facilities for chamber music practice. Details from Secretary, Pendley Manor, Tring, Herts. (Tring 2302.)

UNIVERSITY of London. A course of two lectures on "The Place of Roman Law in Continental Legal Systems To-day," will be given by Professor H. R. Hoetink (Amsterdam) at 5 p.m. on March 14 and 17 at University College (Eugenics Theatre), Gower St., W.C.1. Admission free, without ticket.

UNIVERSITY of London. A lecture on "Defamation" will be given by Professor E. C. S. Wade (Cambridge) at 5.30 p.m. on March 15 at King's College, Strand, W.C.2. Admission free, without ticket.

UNIVERSITY of London. A course of three lectures on "Prehistoric Mining in Austria, problems and facts," will be given by Professor R. Pittioni (Vienna) at 5.30 p.m. on March 17, 20, and 21, at the Institute of Archæology, Inner Circle, Regent's Park, N.W.1. Admission free, without ticket.

UNIVERSITY of London. A course of two lectures will be given by Dr. F. W. Stapel (Chairman of the Koningklijk Instituut van Taal-, Land- en Volkenkunde van (Nederlands) Indië) at 4.30 p.m., on March 14 and 21, at School of Oriental and African Studies, University of London, W.C.1. March 14: The Dutch Burghers of Ceylon. March 21: The History of Depok. Adm. free, without tkt.

GROUP Discussion. Course No. 13 in Discussion Methods for people leading groups in Industry, Education, Social Services, will be held by the Bureau of Current Affairs at Stoke House, Bletchley, from March 27-31. Inclusive fee £6 6s. Apply to B.C.A., 117 Piccadilly, London, W.1.

THE Isobel Cripps Centre is an independent organisation founded to extend and develop the work of the Psycho-Physical Re-education Group. The teachers concerned are qualified to teach Mr. F. M. Alexander's re-educational technique. Particulars from Secretary, 18 Lansdowne Rd. Holland Park, W.11. Park 7222.

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LECTURE COURSES, ETC.—continued

"INCENTIVES and Ideals in an Industrial Society." Course of 3 lectures organised by The Ethical Union. (1) Monday, March 13: R. P. Lynton (author of "Incentives and Management in British Industry"): "The Working Environment." 7 p.m. in the Library, Conway Hall, Red Lion Square, W.C.1. Admission Free.

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Entered as second-class Mail Matter at the New York, N.Y., Post Office, 1928. Printed in Great Britain for the Proprietors by the Cornwall Press Ltd., Paris Garden, Stamford Street, London, S.E.1; Published Weekly at 10 Great Turnstile, High Holborn, London, W.C.1.